J. WILKS BOOTH TRAIL DRAWER 14 JOHN WILKES BOOTH

The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

John Wilkes Booth Trail

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

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JOHN WILKES BOOTH ESCAPE ROUTE

"NOTES" by JAMES O. HALL

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SOME NOTES ON THE BOOTH ESCAPE ROUTE

1. We will begin this tour at Ford's Theatre, 511 10th Street, Washington, D. C. The theater faces west, midway between E and F Streets. There is much to cover during our tour and we must not linger at the theater. In order to give you some understanding of what happened here, the following brief summary is provided -

John Wilkes Booth shot President Lincoln at Ford's Theatre at about 10:15 on the night of April 14, 1865, as the president and his party sat watching Laura Keene and her company perform "Our American Cousin." The president and Mrs. Lincoln were accompanied that evening by Maj. Henry Rathbone and his stepsister, Miss Clara Harris. The president and his party arrived a little late and occupied boxes 7 and 8 (audience right). These boxes had been combined into one by removing a partition. As you will note, these boxes are reached by way of the dress circle. Entry to the boxes is from an outer door into a tiny hallway and then through either of two inner doors. The door to box 7 is next to the outer door. On the night of April 14, the locks on the inner doors were out of order.

Booth rode up to the rear of the theater (Baptist Alley) just after 9 p.m. and left his rented mare to be held by Joseph "Peanut John" Burroughs, a young boy who worked at odd jobs around the theater. During the next hour, he drank at the Star Saloon, which was next door to the theater, and prowled about. He was well known to the management and to the employees and had free run. Just after 10 p.m. (the timing agreed upon by the conspirators for attacks upon the president, Vice President Andrew Johnson and Secretary of State William Seward), Booth entered the theater from the front, climbed the stairs to the dress circle, and made his way to the outer door to the combined boxes. For some reason never fully explained, the president's guard, Washington police officer John F. Parker, was not there. The president's messenger, Charles Forbes, was seated near the door. Booth took out a card of some sort, showed it to Forbes, and was allowed to enter.

Once inside the hallway, Booth barred entry from the outside by fastening a previously cut board (part of a music stand) in the sharp angle formed by the wall and the door. There was a small eye-level hole in the door to box 7 (maybe Booth drilled it, maybe not). Possibly Booth peered through this hole to fix the position of the president, who sat in a rocking chair. He then pushed open the door and immediately shot the president in the back of the head with a one-shot "Deringer." As Booth sought to scramble over the rail of the box and drop to the stage (12 feet), Maj. Rathbone grappled with him. In the struggle, Booth cut Maj. Rathbone with a dagger - a deep slash in the upper left arm.

At some point during the few second Booth was in the president's box, he shouted "Sic semper tyrannis." This is the motto of Virginia and means: "Thus be ever the fate of tyrants." The witnesses are not all agreed on this but Booth confirmed it in his "diary."

In going over the rail of the box, Booth became entangled in the "Treasury Guards" flag, which had been borrowed for decorative purposes. As a result, he landed on the stage slightly off balance. The fall resulted in a simple fracture of the fibula (small bone) of his left leg just above the ankle. In the end, this was his undoing.

When he got to his feet on the stage, he faced the audience and brandished the dagger. He shouted something, remembered differently by witnesses: "Revenge for the South," or "The South is avenged," or "The South shall be free." Booth then limped across the stage (audience right to audience left), using the dagger to scatter people in the wings - the stage was empty at this point. He went out of the theater through the small door at the rear (audience left). "Peanut John" was still holding the mare in the alley. Booth said, "Boy, give me my horse!" He pushed Burroughs away, then knocked him down with the butt of the dagger, mounted, and rode off down the alley. Booth turned right into F Street and began the flight that would end with his death shortly after dawn on April 26.

We shall follow this escape route today. But remember, the roads are much different now.

2. Our next stop will be at the home of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Surratt, 604 H Street, NW. In 1865, this was numbered 541 H Street. The stop will be brief - enough time for pictures.

3. Now back to the escape route. After turning into F Street, Booth probably cut across Judiciary Square to Pennsylvania Avenue. He was seen riding fast just south of the Capitol grounds. The citizen who made this report was not named, unfortunately. And there was a second man a few minutes behind him, also riding fast. This second man was David Edgar Herold, an accomplice in the plot. Herold had been seen at about the time Booth shot Lincoln. This by a stable employee, John Fletcher. Herold was on a rented horse and Fletcher wanted the horse returned to the stable. Herold was seen by Fletcher as he made the turn from Pennsylvania Avenue, coming from the direction of the Treasury Department, into 14th Street. It is thought that Herold had gone with Lewis Powell (aka Lewis Paine) to the home of Secretary of State Seward to act as a guide and had fled when the uproar began, leaving Powell to get out of the city as best he could. (Powell did not make it, he got trapped in the city and was later captured at the home of Mrs. Mary Surratt.) Anyway, Herold probably

turned into F Street from 14th Street and followed Booth, by prior arrangement, to the Navy Yard Bridge at the foot of 11th Street where the bridge crossed the Eastern Branch of the Potomac River. A new bridge crosses at almost the exact spot now and we will pass over it.

3. Booth arrived at the Navy Yard Bridge around 10:40 to 11 p.m. He was questioned there by Sgt. Silas Cobb, who commanded the provost guard at the bridge. He gave his correct name and said that he was headed for Beantown (note - Dr. Samuel Mudd lived in that area). Cobb told him that there were standing orders that no person be allowed to cross after 9.p.m. unless he had orders and the countersign. After some parley, Cobb allowed him to cross. To Cobb, the war was over to all intents and purposes and the man was going out not coming in. No danger there. A few minutes later, Herold rode up to the bridge and he was also questioned by Sgt. Cobb. Herold gave his name as Smith and said that he was going down to White Plains (in Charles County, Maryland, below Waldorf). "Smith" said, rather indelicately, that he had been with a woman and could not make it before 9 p.m. After more parley, Cobb let him pass. In a few minutes, a third man rode up. He was John Fletcher, the man from the stable, who had been chasing Herold to get back the rented horse. Cobb agreed to let him cross the bridge but told him that he could not come back until the next morning. Fletcher departed in a huff. Later that night he reported this to detectives and to Gen. Christopher Augur, who commanded the 22nd Army Corps in Washington. Thus, by 2 a.m., General Augur knew that John Wilkes Booth and David E. Herold had crossed the bridge and were probably heading south through Prince George's County, Maryland. He sent elements of the 13th New York Cavalry, under command of Lt. David Dana, after them. Remember this: it will come up again. By 7 a.m., Lt. Dana was at Piscataway and shortly after noon he and his troopers were in Bryantown, three miles from where Booth and Herold were holed up at the home of Dr. Samuel Mudd.

4. After he had crossed the Navy Yard Bridge into the village of Uniontown (now Anacostia), Booth turned up Harrison Street (now Good Hope Road) and rode up the long hill toward the forts. Herold was not far behind. Some teamsters, Polk Gardner and George Doyle, saw them going up the hill. Gardner said later that they were "wearing out their horses chasing each other." Strung out this way, Booth in front and Herold following, they passed Good Hope Tavern at the top of the hill and went between Ft. Baker and Ft. Wagner. These forts were connected to Gen. Augur's office by telegraph but in the confusion in Washington, the word did not get sent until shortly before midnight. By that time, Booth and Herold were well out in Prince George's County. Incidentally, there was no interruption of the military telegraph system; the civilian telegraph was interrupted for a short time but this in no way affected the search.

5. According to Herold, he caught up with Booth at Soper's Hill, about eight miles from Washington. The Sopers had a mill on Henson's Branch (a creek), just south of the present beltway. The high ground on the other side could have been known then as Soper's Hill. However, there were Sopers just inside the beltway and the high ground there could have been known then as Soper's Hill. There are two views: the more likely is that Soper's Hill is the high ground just outside the beltway. This will be pointed out to you.

6. Booth and Herold stopped about two miles from Surratt's Tavern a little before midnight and talked with George Thompson, a young boy who lived in the area, and Henry Butler, a black man who worked for Dr. Joseph Blanford, Dr. Samuel Mudd's brother-in-law. These two were in a wagon which had broken down. There was some small talk and questions about whether a doctor lived in the vicinity, apparently in connection with Booth's broken leg. This meeting took place at about where Branch Avenue now runs into "Jenkins Corner." Incidentally, Mrs. Surratt's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Jenkins, lived near this point inside of what is now the airbase.

7. Our next stop will be Surratt's tavern, ten miles from the Navy yard bridge. John M. Lloyd, a heavy drinker, had leased the tavern from Mrs. Surratt in December 1864, just after she had moved to Washington to open her boarding house at 541 H Street - a house the Surratts had owned since 1853. The following brief outline will explain the importance of the tavern in the story of Lincoln's assassination.

On March 17, 1865, there was an abortive attempt by Booth and his group to kidnap Lincoln. As part of this plan, Herold was sent ahead to the tavern in Booth's buggy. He had with him some side arms two cavalry carbines, a rope and a monkey wrench. He waited until early evening at the tavern but the would-be kidnappers did not show up there with Lincoln a captive. Herold then drove down to the village of T.B., some five miles, and waited at Thompson's tavern. No word came about the kidnapping. So he stayed the night and the next morning he started back to Surratt's tavern - taking the carbines and other items with him. On the road (we will travel this route, Brandywine Road) he met John H. Surratt, Jr., and George Atzerodt, both of whom were involved in the plot, and learned from them that the thing was a fizzle. Back at Surratt's tavern, there was a problem: what to do with the carbines. Surratt knew just the place to hide them: stuff them well back between the joists of the ceiling above the dining room. This could be done from an opening in the storage room above the attached kitchen. And there the carbines stayed until April 14.

On the afternoon of April 14, Mrs. Surratt got a letter from George Calvert dunning her for money owed the Calvert estate for the land at Surrattsville. She asked one of her boarders, Louis Wiechmann, to rent a horse and buggy and take her to the tavern - the purpose was to collect money owed to her by John Nothey for land her husband had sold to him many years before. Before Wiechmann left to secure the rig, John Wilkes Booth came to the house and left with her a set of field glasses to be delivered to John Lloyd at the tavern. When she and Wiechmann arrived at the tavern, Lloyd was not there; he had gone to Upper Marlborough to attend a trial. So she waited. No attempt was made to see Nothey, although he lived not far away. She did send him a note by Bennett Gwynn.

Lloyd arrived back about 5 p.m., admittedly intoxicated. He testified later that Mrs. Surratt told him to have the "shooting-irons" ready that night (that is, the carbines). She also gave him a wrapped package, which he found to be a pair of field glasses. He was to have two bottles of whiskey ready. All these things were to be given to persons who would call for them <u>that night</u>.

When Booth and Herold arrived at the tavern a few minutes after midnight, Herold banged on the door and aroused Lloyd - who was still intoxicated. Booth did not dismount. According to Lloyd, Herold told him: "Lloyd. for God's sake, make haste and get those things!" Lloyd did not know the man on the horse but of course he knew Herold well. Lloyd brought down the two carbines and the field glasses. Booth refused to take a carbine, saying that he could not carry it because his leg was broken. Herold took one of the carbines and the field glasses. They both drank whiskey but did not take the bottles. And before they left, Booth told Lloyd: "I am pretty sure that we have assassinated the President and Secretary Seward." The two were at the tavern only a few minutes and rode off in the direction of T.B. Lloyd later secreted the remaining carbine: it was chopped out of a wall by a detective.

8. Our next stop will be the village of T.B. Thompson's tavern is long gone. But at T.B. we face an uncertainty in the Booth escape route. No one is certain whether the two went on in the direction of Horsehead and Gallant Green or turned down the Beantown Road toward St. Peter's Church. Both routes would take them to Dr. Samuel Mudd's farm. We will follow along the general route of the Beantown Road to St. Peter's Church and on to Dr. Mudd's farm.

9. A brief stop will be made at St. Peter's Church. Edman Spangler, one of the alleged conspirators. is buried in the old cemetery near there. After he was pardoned in 1869 by President Johnson, Spangler came to live with Dr. Mudd and died on the farm on February 7, 1875. The records of his death and burial are at this church. It was at this church on Sunday, April 16, that Dr. Mudd asked his cousin, Dr. George Mudd, to inform the authorities at Bryantown (that is, Lt. Dana) that two "strangers" had been at his home Saturday.

10. We will stop next at the house of Dr. Samuel Mudd. Booth and Herold arrived there just before dawn on April 15, 1865. The following will help you understand how this came about.

Booth was in Montreal in October 1864 to ship his wardrobe south and to consult with various Confederates there about his plot to kidnap President Lincoln. Patrick C. Martin, a former Baltimore liquor dealer, gave him a letter of introduction to a pro-Confederate farmer, Dr. William Queen, who lived about six miles below Bryantown, in Charles County, Maryland. The idea was that Booth would be able to meet people who could assist him. Booth delivered the letter to Dr. Queen, possibly on Friday evening, November 10. On Sunday, Booth was introduced to Dr. Mudd by John Thompson, Dr. Queen's son-in-law, at St. Mary's Church near Bryantown. Booth spent Monday night at the Mudd home and the next day he purchased a one-eyed horse from Mudd's neighbor, George Gardiner.

On December 17 or 18, Booth again visited Dr. Queen. The purpose was to meet the famous Confederate agent, Thomas Harbin, at Bryantown. The meeting was arranged at the Bryantown tavern (Montgomery's Tavern) by Dr. Mudd, who introduced the two there. Booth enlisted Harbin to help in the kidnap plot by running the thing from the lower Potomac River and from the Virginia side on down to Richmond.

Booth checked back into the National Hotel in Washington on December 22. The next day, Dr. Mudd came to Washington (probably by arrangement with Booth and Harbin) and saw Booth again. Booth wanted to meet John H. Surratt. Jr.. a minor Confederate agent and courier. Dr. Mudd and Booth started for the Surratt home when they met Surratt and Wiechmann. The four went to Booth's room at the National Hotel and talked for some time that evening. Whether one prefers to believe the Mudd version or the Wiechmann version of what happened there, the fact remains that Surratt was enlisted in the kidnap plot.

So when Booth and Herold turned up at Dr. Mudd's on the morning of April 15, it was not by chance. Booth knew Dr. Mudd and knew him well. Dr. Mudd undoubtedly was aware of the kidnap plot and helped around the edges. Beyond that is pure speculation. Booth probably did not tell Dr. Mudd right off that he had shot President Lincoln. Dr. Mudd's actions and demeanor - for example, trying to secure a carriage for Booth - would indicated that he did not learn of this until later in the day. Anyway, he set Booth's leg.

In the early afternoon, Dr. Mudd went into Bryantown to buy some minor items and to mail some contraband letters he had received through the Confederate underground system. It was simple: put United States stamps on the letters and let the Yankees carry the Confederate mail to agents and friends in the North. At the edge of the village, Dr. Mudd was stopped by Lt. David Dana's pickets from the 13th New York Cavalry. He learned from them that Booth had assassinated Lincoln and that a man named Boyle had assassinated Seward. Lt. Dana had the mistaken notion that the guerrilla,

John Boyle, had killed Seward. Dr. Mudd went on into Bryantown, bought some things at Bean's store, mailed the contraband letters, and picked up what information he could about the assassination. Then he went home, some three miles north of Bryantown. Booth and Herold were still there. As Dr. Mudd later told Samuel Cox, Jr., he knew Booth when he came but did not know what he had done. After he found out in Bryantown, he came back and confronted Booth and Booth admitted the deed. Dr. Mudd said that he ordered Booth and Herold off the place. Later he told detectives that they had asked for directions to the home of the Rev. Dr. Lemuel Wilmer ("Old Piney Church"). This would take them through the swamp and place them on the west side of it. They rode off in the direction of the swamp back of the Mudd house. If they crossed the swamp, they soon recrossed to the east side. Herold was seen before dark near "Oak Hill," the home of Dr. Mudd 's father, by Alexis (or Electus) Thomas, a black employee of Dr. Mudd's father. Herold asked directions and said that he was lost. Thomas saw only Herold (whom he described). "Oak Hill" is on the east side of the swamp. We will pass this farm on our way to Bryantown.

11. Our next stop will be at the old Bryantown tavern. It is of interest because it was here that Dr. Mudd introduced Booth to the Confederate agent, Thomas Harbin.

12. We will then go to St. Mary's Catholic Church, a short distance from Bryantown. It was here that John Thompson introduced Booth to Dr. Mudd. Many of the Mudds are buried in the cemetery, including Dr. and Mrs. Mudd. Incidentally, Anna Surratt attended school here.

13. We left Booth and Herold near "Oak Hill," at about dark on April 15 - Saturday. The next positive evidence of their movements is when they showed up at the home of Oswell Swann, a black tobacco farmer who owned 50 acres of land about one mile S/SW of the present town of Hughesville. Swann's house no longer stands. Booth and Herold undoubtedly made a wide swing around Bryantown and got lost. They reached Swann's house at 9 p.m., according to Swann. The house was just off the Cracklin Town Road, which runs generally north-south. Swann was asked to take them to "Bertle's place." William Bertle owned a large farm adjoining St. Mary's Church on the south. This farm was frequently used by Confederate agents, coming and going. For some reason, this request was changed: Swann was asked to guide them to the farm of Samuel Cox, some ten miles further south and not far from the Potomac River. Swann knew the roads and trails. The route taken probably ran by way of Dentsville and then across the swamp to the Cox place, "Rich Hill." That is the way we will go today.

14. Our next stop will be at "Rich Hill," the 1865 home of Samuel Cox, near the present town of Bel Alton. Swann, Herold and Booth arrived there shortly after midnight. According to Swann, Cox admitted Booth and Herold to the house where they remained "3 or 4 hours." (Cox denied this later and he was backed up by a black servant girl.) Swann said that after the two had come out of the house and got back on their horses, one of them remarked: "I thought Cox was a man of southern feeling." Swann was paid $12 for his services as a guide.

15. We will next visit the spot where Booth and Herold hid out after they left "Rich Hill." This was in the pines about two miles from the Cox farm and on land then owned by the Robertsons, neighbors and connected by marriage to the Cox family. There can be no doubt that Samuel Cox knew where to find them. The next morning, he sent his adopted son, Samuel Cox, Jr., aged 18, over to "Huckleberry" to ask Thomas A. Jones, a Confederate agent and mail runner, to come to "Rich Hill." In substance, he told Jones to get Booth and Herold across the Potomac River and into Virginia. Jones located the two and told them that he would get them across as soon as it looked safe to do it. For the next several days, Jones furnished them food, newspapers, information about the search, and the like. Here we come to problem of dates. Jones said later that he came for Booth and Herold on the evening of Friday, April 21, and put them out in the river that night. Henry Woodland a black who worked for Jones, seemed to put the date as Thursday, April 20. Booth's diary also shows the date as Thursday, April 20.

16. At this point in our tour, it will be time for lunch: somewhere around 1 p.m. A note will be made in the space below to tell you how this will be worked in.

17. We left Booth and Herold at the time Thomas Jones came for them where they were hidden in the pines near "Rich Hill," probably on the evening of April 20. Jones took them to his home, "Huckleberry." Booth rode on Jones' horse; Jones and Herold walked. It was not far. And this raises a question about what happened to the two rented horses used by Booth and Herold. Cox told Jones that he saw Herold lead the horses toward the swamp and heard two shots. Another story is that a Cox employee, Franklin Robey, took the horses away and shot them in the swamp. These were valuable animals and it is just as

reasonable to think that they died of old age on some Charles County farm. Anyway, the horses were never found. At "Huckleberry," Jones secured food for Booth and Herold (they did not come into the house). The three then made their way down to the Potomac River, which was about one mile. They left the horse some three hundred yards from the river and walked on down the steep path, helping Booth as best they could. Jones had a small boat hidden well back in a little stream that flows into the river at that point. Booth sat in the stern of the boat, according to Jones, and Herold sat in the middle to row. Booth had a compass and Jones gave him a proper course that would take them across to Mathias Point in Virginia and on down to Machodoc Creek where they were to contact Mrs. Elizabeth Quesenberry and Jones' brother-in-law, Thomas Harbin, the Confederate agent. Booth paid Jones $18 for the boat. When they pushed off in the darkness, that was the last Jones saw of them.

We will visit "Huckleberry," which has been rebuilt, and the spot where Booth and Herold began their journey across the river. A Jesuit retreat stands on the high ground just above this spot.

18. Booth and Herold did not make it across the river that night. In his diary, Booth said that they were chased by gunboats and forced to return, wet and discouraged. Possibly they got lost in the darkness. In any case, they missed the tip of Mathias Point and ended up at Blossom Point, back in Maryland. A minor difference in compass heading would produce this result. (There is a body of belief that this was not an accident; but that is a long story.) At daylight, Herold recognized where they were - at the mouth of Nanjemoy Creek. And he knew Peregrine Davis who owned the farm, "Indian Town," located at a point where Avon Creek enters Nanjemoy Creek. Davis' son-in-law, John J. Hughes, also lived on this farm. According to Hughes' descendants, Hughes fed the fugitives. In his statement made on the monitor on April 27, Herold said that he and Booth rowed out of the mouth of Nanjemoy Creek at sundown, April 22, a Saturday. Incidentally, a communication in National Archives shows that the two were seen in Nanjemoy Creek on Friday, April 21, further proof that Jones put them out in the river on the night of April 20 - and not the 21st as he wrote much later.

We will visit "Indian Town," which is not far from Port Tobacco, if there is time. But we will not be able to get on down to the bank of Nanjemoy Creek as the tenant on the farm is not allowed to let people in. If we visit "Indian Town," this may be out of order - that is, before we visit the point where Booth and Herold were put out into the river by Jones. But you will be able to get the sense of the sequence.

19. This time Booth and Herold made it across the Potomac River to the Virginia side. But they did not reach Machodoc Creek as directed by Jones. They turned into the Gambo Creek, just north of Machodoc Creek. Booth stayed with the boat and Herold walked across to Mrs. Quesenberry's home, "The Cottage," about one mile. Mrs. Quesenberry was not at home but she returned shortly. She sent for Thomas Harbin (and his partner, Joseph Baden) and gave Herold food. Harbin arranged with William Bryant, who lived nearby, to furnish horses and take Booth and Herold to "Cleydael," the inland home of Dr. Richard Stuart. Dr. Stuart was a very wealthy man and his principal residence was "Cedar Grove," a beautiful house on the bank of the Potomac River.

We will visit Mrs. Quesenberry's home on Machodoc Creek. It has been extensively changed since 1865. But we will not visit Gambo Creek as it is inside the Dahlgren military reservation and it is awkward to arrange this. Gambo Creek is now much silted up.

20. Our next stop will be "Cleydael," about eight miles from where Booth and Herold landed on Gambo Creek. Bryant brought them there on his horses at about dusk on April 23. Dr. Stuart had heard of the assassination and wanted no part of strangers at his home. He refused medical attention for Booth on the ground that he was not a surgeon. And he refused to take them in for the night. He did give them food. After some discussion, he sent them to the nearby cabin of a free black, William Lucas, who had a wagon and horses and who might be persuaded to take them on to the Rappahannock River ferry at Port Conway. Bryant dumped the two off at the Lucas cabin and went back home. To Booth, something of a racial fanatic, this was the ultimate insult. He was in a surly mood and the Lucas family later decided to sit outside the cabin for the night. After some threats, Lucas agreed to furnish a wagon and team, to be driven by his 21-year-old son, Charley, to take Booth and Herold to the Port Conway ferry. The price was $20, which was given to Mrs. Lucas the next morning. And Booth could not resist a dig at Dr. Stuart. He cut a page out of his memorandum book (the famous "diary") and wrote a bitter little note to Dr. Stuart, quoting some lines from Macbeth, and saying that he was paying $5 for the food furnished. After thinking it over, he decided that the insult to Dr. Stuart would be greater if he made the amount $2.50. So he cut another page out of the memorandum book and rewrote the note, make the amount $2.50. The money was pinned in the folded note and delivered to Dr. Stuart by Lucas. The original $5 note was found, loose, in the memorandum book after Booth was shot. Dr. Stuart turned the second note over to a Union detective. Both notes disappeared after the trial of John Surratt in 1867.

21. On the morning of April 24, Booth and Herold left the Lucas cabin in a wagon driven by Charles Lucas, and headed for the Rappahannock River ferry at Port Conway, King George County, Virginia. The distance was about ten miles. They arrived around noon. About Port Conway: it had once been a little village but had fallen into ruins. The sole resident was William Rollins and his recent bride, Bettie. Rollins had operated a small store there before the war. Now he farmed, fished, and made small amounts of money helping Confederate agents moving to and from the North. He was not the ferryman. The ferry was owned by Champe Thornton, who lived across the river in Port Royal, and was operated by a free black, James Thornton. Herold did almost all the talking with Rollins. Would Rollins, for pay, take them to Orange Court House? Or to Bowling Green? Or row them across the river? Nothing was decided and Rollins went out on the river to tend his nets. Three Confederate soldiers rode up to the ferry: 1st. Lt. Mortimer B. Ruggles, Pvt. Absalom R. Bainbridge, and Pvt. William S. Jett. Ruggles and Bainbridge were cousins and, as boys, had lived at a family estate, "Friedland," in King George County. Ruggles was 21, Bainbridge 18. Jett, aged 18, lived at "Walnut Hill," in nearby Westmoreland County. The three were returning from Virginia where they had been to attend the stand down of Col. John S. Mosby's cavalry. Herold told them that his name was Boyd and that his crippled companion was James W. Boyd - his brother. He talked and talked and finally admitted (proudly?) that they were the assassins of President Lincoln, and that his name was Herold and that his companion was John Wilkes Booth. (The alias, James W. Boyd, probably resulted from the fact that Booth had his initials, JWB, in India ink on the back of his left hand.) Jett, who did most of the talking with Herold, agreed to take the fugitives across the river and seek shelter for them. James Thornton brought the ferry over and they all crossed to Port Royal. Mrs. Rollins made a critical observation, which in the end resulted in Booth's death and the capture of Herold. About this, more later.

22. We will stop briefly at the Peyton house in Port Royal. Randolph Peyton and his two sisters, Sarah and Lizzie, all unmarried, lived there in 1865. Jett talked with Sarah, who first agreed to take in the cripple, then decided not to do so because her brother was not at home. Jett decided to take them on down the road toward Bowling Green to the farm of Richard Garrett - a distance of three miles - to see if they could find shelter there.

23. Our next stop will not be the Garrett farm. But some explanation should be made at this point. This for continuity. Riding double (five men, three horses), they

arrived at the Garrett farm in the early afternoon. Jett presented Booth as James W. Boyd (he knew better) and Garrett agreed to take him in until Jett could return for him. The four, Jett, Ruggles, Bainbridge and Herold, then left, headed for Bowling Green - Herold riding double with one of them. En route, the four stopped at "The Trap," sometimes known as "The Halfway House," a very shady tavern operated by the widow, Martha Carter, and her four unmarried daughters. A Federal detective later described the tavern as "a house of entertainment," a euphemism. The four men drank, chatted with the "ladies" about their plans, and rode on to Bowling Green. The tavern is long gone, the location swallowed up by Ft. A. P. Hill.

24. We have, of course, skipped the Garrett farm - which will be our last stop. We will make a rest stop (bathrooms being scarce) in Port Royal and then drive directly to Bowling Green. The following explanation is made so that you can better understand the importance of Bowling Green-

After they left "The Trap," Ruggles, Bainbridge, Jett and Herold came directly to the old Star Hotel in Bowling Green. Jett was courting the daughter of the house, 16-year-old Izora Gouldman. He and Ruggles remained at the hotel on the night of April 24. Bainbridge had a close friend, Joseph Clarke, with whom he had been in the Confederate service, who lived some three miles E/SE of Bowling Green with his widowed mother, Virginia Clarke. It was decided that he and Herold would go to the Clarke farm (about 1,000 acres) and spend the night. And this is what they did.

The next morning, Herold and Bainbridge returned to Bowling Green. Apparently Ruggles and Bainbridge had decided to go home - that is, to "Friedland" in King George County. And they would take Herold back to the Garrett place and leave him with Booth. Jett would stay at the hotel to be with the lovely Izora (he did not marry her, incidentally).

Ruggles, Bainbridge and Herold left the hotel in the early afternoon and headed back to the Garrett farm. On the way, they stopped again at "The Trap" and jollied up the Carter girls. Then they rode on to the Garrett farm, dumped Herold, and started for the ferry at Port Royal. At the top of the rise just outside the town, they saw the Federal cavalry coming right at them. They turned around and raced back to the Garretts' and warned Booth and Herold of this fact. After that, they stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once. They scampered off in an easterly direction, leaving Booth and Herold to whatever fate had in store for them.

So now let us take a look at the cavalry seen by Ruggles and Bainbridge near dusk on April 25, coming up from the ferry at Port Royal on the road to Bowling Green.

A bit before noon on April 24, Col. Lafayette C. Baker happened to be in the office of Maj. Thomas Eckert in the War Department in Washington. Maj. Eckert, a close associate of the Secretary of War, showed Baker a just-decoded telegram received from Port Tobacco. In this it was reported that Booth and Herold had crossed the Potomac River from the Swan Point area on April 16. Actually, the two who crossed on this date were Thomas Harbin and Joseph Baden. This was enough for Baker. He used the information to secure Secretary of War Stanton's permission for a cavalry detail to mount a search in Virginia. Baker knew how to get things done. By early afternoon he had twenty-six troopers from the 16th N.Y. Cavalry (including Sgt. Boston Corbett), commanded by Lt. Edward Doherty. He rounded up his cousin, Luther Baker, a detective on his staff, and Lt. Col. Everton Conger, recently discharged from service and who worked as a sort of clerk in the office. Conger was a badly shot-up veteran who could barely walk and who had trouble riding a horse. These two would go with the troopers. Baker had no one else to send. About dark, this force boarded the steamer, "John S. Ide," and set out down the river for the Belle Plaine landing on Potomac Creek. This landing was about forty miles below Washington and located on the line between Stafford County and King George County, Virginia.

The posse was unloaded at Belle Plaine around 10 p.m. and started across country, banging on doors and asking questions. Early on the afternoon of April 25, they reached Port Conway. Dick Wilson, a black who worked with Rollins in the shad fishing, told Lt. Doherty that two men answering the description of Booth and Herold had been at the ferry the day before. One had crutches. Rollins (somewhat reluctantly) identified pictures, but noted that Booth had no mustache. And it came out that the two had crossed with three Confederates; Rollins knew Jett and Mrs. Rollins knew the other two, Ruggles and Bainbridge. And where would they be going? Mrs. Rollins, who kept up with local romances, suggested that Jett could probably be found in Bowling Green at the Star Hotel. He was "sweet" on the Gouldman girl. This was the information that ultimately ended in the death of Booth and the capture of Herold. Killed by a romance!

It was almost dark before the cavalry detail could be put across the river on the rickety ferry. Rollins went along as guide after insisting that he be put under arrest to avoid local censure for helping the Yankees. They went right by the Garrett farm and made a stop at "The Trap." The "ladies" set up a loud uproar. It was not until the detectives stated that they were looking for a man who "... had committed an outrage on a girl..." that any information was obtained. Even in a "house of entertainment," it is understood that gentlemen with loving intentions are limited to standard approaches. Yes, the parties described had been there yesterday afternoon. All but the lame man.

Willie Jett was one of them. There had been some talk of going to Mrs. Clarke's place. More, the ladies said, three of the same men had been back to "The Trap" that afternoon, going in the direction of Port Royal. But Willie Jett was not one of them. So it appeared to the searchers that Booth and Herold had split up somewhere along the line. Lt. Doherty insisted on going on to Bowling Green after "...the said Jett." This was done. At Bowling Green, the Star Hotel was surrounded and entered. Jett was there. Almost literally, a gun was put at his head and he was ordered to talk and talk fast: Where was Booth? Where was Herold? Jett talked. He told Conger that he had left Booth at the Garrett farm and that Herold had returned there from Bowling Green that afternoon. Whether they were still there he did not know. With Jett a prisoner, the weary troopers turned back toward Port Royal. It was after midnight.

25. So now we come to the last stop on this tour, the site of the Garrett house on Highway 301 in Caroline County, Virginia. The house, of course, no longer stands; abandoned in the 1920's, it became a sagging ruin and the remnants were torn away when the A. P. Hill military reservation was created. A sign marks the spot.

Around 2 a.m., Doherty halted the column at the outer gate of the lane leading up to the Garrett house. Jett and Rollins were left there under guard. The orders were simple: no talking, approach quietly until the order was given and then divide left and right around the house. Conger hammered on the door and Richard Garrett came down to see what was happening. A pistol was stuck in his face and the demand was made: Where are the two men, your visitors? Garrett stammered something about them being gone or in the woods. This did not go down well and he was dragged out into the yard and a threat was made to hang him if he did not start talking.

Although Booth had slept in the house the night before, he was not in the house when the troopers came. He and Herold were sleeping in the tobacco barn. John M. Garrett and William H. Garrett, both of whom had just returned from service in the Confederate Army, were sleeping in the "shuck house" nearby to keep watch on their mysterious visitors. There was a suspicion that they would try to steal horses. John Garrett came out to investigate the uproar. He was quickly nabbed and as quickly he revealed that the two men were in the tobacco barn. Troopers were posted around the barn. Booth and Herold were trapped!

Then began a long parley, mostly between Booth and Luther Baker. It was very dramatic, very theatrical, pure Booth. But he would not come out. After over an hour of this, a threat was made to burn the barn. Herold, who did not relish duplicating Charles Lamb's version of how roast pig got started, came out and was tied to a tree. Booth

was adamant. Finally, around 4 a.m., a fire was set in some brush and loose hay at a wide crack in the barn. This spread rapidly in the dry scattered hay inside. Booth started toward the fire as if to try to put it out. Then he dropped his crutches and limped toward the front door, a pistol in one hand and a carbine held across his thigh.

Then it happened. One shot! Booth fell, wounded through the neck. He was dragged out of the barn into the yard and later he was laid on some ticking on the porch, still alive but paralyzed. A Port Royal doctor was sent for but he could do nothing to save Booth. Shortly after dawn he died. Before he died, Booth whispered some words, indistinctly. Something about mother and country. He asked to be killed and wondered if Jett betrayed him. And he used the word, "useless."

The barn burned to the ground.

Conger demanded to know who had shot Booth. Sgt. Boston Corbett admitted that he fired the shot through a crack in the siding - this with his revolver. Corbett was a religious fanatic and an oddball. Some profess to believe that Booth shot himself; others think that he was shot by either Conger or Baker to keep him from revealing a government conspiracy of some sort. There is no proof to support any of this. The best evidence is that Booth was shot from some distance with a revolver and that Corbett fired the shot.

Conger searched Booth's pockets and took a number of items, including the little memorandum book, the now famous "diary." Then he and Corbett left together for the Belle Plaine landing. The others were to follow with Booth's body and the prisoners, Jett and the two Garrett boys. Conger hailed the steamer, "Keyport," at Belle Plaine, leaving Corbett there. By late afternoon on April 26, he reported to Col. Lafayette Baker in Washington. The two then went to the home of Secretary of War Stanton to give him the news. And for those of you who like nice round conspiracies and "missing diary pages," please be advised that Stanton kept the little memorandum book.

The others, with Booth's body and Herold a prisoner, arrived around midnight on the steamer, "John S. Ide." They did not arrive with Willie Jett. He had escaped. He was recaptured later at his home in Westmoreland County. Herold was put in irons aboard the "Montauk," a monitor anchored off the Navy Yard in the Eastern Branch of the Potomac River. Booth's body was laid out on the deck, under guard.

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Please --this outline is about the way it came out of the typewriter with little editing. So it is not a literary masterpiece, it does mayhem in spots to the Queen's English, and it rambles. And if you do not like what is said here or on this tour, do your own research. It might be fun. And, who knows, you might find something to support your views.

DOWN THE JOHN WILKES BOOTH TRAIL

July 15, 1966

Surratt House in Washington where much of the Lincoln Assassination was planned.

Peterson House where the President was carried and where he died.

Store at T. B. from which the proprietor's wife heard the "hoofs go thundering by."

Dr. Samuel Mudd home where Booth's broken leg was treated.

At Levine luncheon, L to R, Colonel K. M. Lemley, Mrs. Lemley, Russian refugee, Isaac Don Levine, Dick Mudd.

Dr. Mudd and Paul Sedgwick at grave of Dr. Samuel Mudd at St. Peters Church.

Ford's Theatre — scene of the Assassination.

Door of Surratt's Tavern at Surrattville where Lloyd passed gun and whiskey to Booth and Herold.

Road at T. B. down which the assassins fled.

Dick Mudd and Leo Bobb at spot the fugitives were concealed.

Leo Bobb, Father Henry Sank and Dr. Mudd at St. Peters Church.

A pause for refreshments with Mrs. Carrico at Bryan Town.

Dear Everybody:

In 1905 a gentleman, evidently weary of life, swallowed a bit of rat poison in my home town. While suffering the excruciating pain of the somewhat unorthodox way of leaving this world, he confessed he was John Wilkes Booth, the slayer of Abraham Lincoln. About the same time, Osborne H. Oldroyd, a most reputable authority on the martyred president, chronicled the interesting information that Boston Corbett, the eccentric Union soldier who purportedly shot John Wilkes Booth in a Virginia barn, was residing in Enid.

These two related, or probably unrelated events have served to instill in me a considerable interest in the Lincoln assassination story and the characters who played a part in it. Last spring in Saginaw, Michigan, I worked out a deal with Dr. Richard Mudd of that city, whereby he and I would travel the Booth escape route in Maryland and Virginia this spring. Somewhere along the way, a gentleman by name of Leo Bobb of Sunbury, Pennsylvania was injected into the picture. He desired to accompany us along the route which Booth and his accomplice, Herold, traversed in their hopeless flight.

When Bertie and I rather hurriedly decided to become a part of the Rotary - People to People visit to Europe, I dismissed all thought of Mr. Booth and his problems. Upon my return, I discovered Messers Bobb and Mudd had not abandoned the idea. A considerable stack of correspondence detailed well thought out plans for the Maryland and Virginia hejira. I learned we were scheduled, among other things, for an important luncheon in the Maryland home of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Don Levine. I recognized the name as that of the man who is probably our country's best authority on the Soviet Union, its people, its leaders, its government and anything else pertaining to his native land. I recalled him as being a bit anti-Communist in his thinking. In addition, I found the plans for the spring pilgrimage of the Chicago Civil War Round Table. It called for a four-day sojourn in the Washington area with headquarters at the Marriott Twin Bridges Motel.

To further complicate our problems of the moment, our oldest grandson, Bob Berry was due to graduate from Sapulpa High School.

After a few minutes of soul searching over the mountainous stack of problems which had accu-

Along the Booth Trail with J. Ambler Johnston of Richmond

On the Trail

Colonel Cox home.

With Father Thomas Brueue — Loyola Retreat — Faulkner, Maryland.

Dahlgren Memorial at Dahlgren Naval Base.

Dr. Stuart House.

Joe Eisenrath at Fort McNarin where the conspirators were tried, hung and buried.

Store past which the fugitives galloped.

Still on the Trail.

Thicket where Booth and Herold were hidden until a boat could be secured.

At point Booth and Herold started across the Potomac River.

At the point the fugitives landed on the Virginia shore.

Dr. Mudd and daughter at the Garrett Farm where the chase ended.

mulated during our European sojourn, I closed my eyes to them all. We called our grandson to let him know we would be on hand for his moment in the sun, requested Margaret April, secretary of the Chicago Civil War Round Table to include us in and wrote the Booth Trail enthusiasts we would be available for any and all plans which had been, or might be formulated.

We drove to Sapulpa for most satisfactory graduation ceremonies. I was enabled to spend a worthwhile day in Tulsa. I found the Oil Capital preening its feathers over the rousing success of its oil show. This was held in a brand new building which Tulsans declare is the largest in the world with no interior partitions. I never visit Tulsey Town without recalling famed architect, Bertram Goodhue's statement of over three decades ago,

"To see American architecture at its best, one must come to Tulsa, Oklahoma." And it is my belief nothing has occurred since to change that situation.

Later in Washington, Congressman Page Belcher quoted authorities to the effect Tulsa is currently the most prosperous city in the nation. And when I unsuccessfully endeavored to get airplane reservations back to Tulsa, the American Airlines reservationist asked,

"What is going on down there? Every plane to Tulsa is booked solid every day." We had to settle for a roundabout return to that city by way of Dallas.

The tight schedule forbade driving to Washington. We left our car with our daughter and flew a day ahead of our rendezvous date with the hardened Civil War campaigners from Illinois. As we arrived at the Marriott, we encountered Dr. and Ella Clausius of Belvidere, Illinois. It was the lady's first campaign but her husband is one of the steadfast regulars. Then appeared architect Ambler Johnston, dedicated Civil War Buff of Richmond, Virginia whose activities and interests completely belie his years. By the time we gathered at National Airport to greet the main body coming by chartered plane, so many early arriving veterans had congregated curiosity impelled me to wonder who was left to be aboard.

The group had chartered the "White Sox" plane in which to make the trip. I was amused at two Chicago businessmen who were, briefcases in hand, waiting to board a homeward bound plane. As they watched the White Sox plane roll to a stop and an assortment of humanity of all sizes, shapes and ages disembark, one of them caustically lamented,

"No wonder the SOB's can't win any ball games!"

Buses were awaiting the group for an afternoon visit to the Battlefield sites of Ball's Bluff and Chantilly and a drive through Manassas National Military Park. For me, any visit to Ball's Bluff, after hearing the late Chester Gannon's masterful oration there, would be a sorrowful anticlimax. On the Centennial of the Battle five years ago, he eulogized a fellow-Californian in masterful fashion. Senator Edward Baker of that state, acting as chief of a brigade, was killed at Ball's Bluff while leading his command into action.

So after extending to the Buffs a hearty welcome, Bertie and I betook ourselves to downtown Washington. We had lunch in Woodward-Lothrops tea room. Inquiry for executive Ed Waterbury, who has recently transferred his activities from Pittsburgh to our Nation's Capital revealed our Wisconsin Republican friend was a bit involved. He had but recently become a vice-president of the great merchandising establishment but this responsibility was, at the moment, subjugated to more important matters. He was on temporary leave of absence. The guy had just become involved in matrimony and at the time was acting as one of the hosts to the Chicago Civil War Round Table Washington visit.

I left Bertie to the tender mercies of the minions of the great department store while I wandered up on the Hill. There, I discovered my Congressman has succumbed to the status appeal and moved into the luxurious new Sam Rayburn House of Representatives Office Building. I was not overly impressed. I think his old offices were more commodious and inviting.

Mr. Belcher was on the floor as important votes on legislation were impending. Secretary Mary Higgins took me in tow. She lamented that I had not arrived a few minutes earlier, Richard Nixon had just completed a speech to Republican Congressional workers. I would not have gone if I had been there. I am enthusiastic about our former Vice-President and will probably give him my support for the GOP Presidential nomination two years hence. But I was not spending precious Washington moments on political speeches at this time. Mary and I rode the underground to the Capitol where she called her Boss out of the session.

I grow prouder of Congressman Page Belcher by the moment. With each passing session of Congress, he grows in stature and gains in seniority. Few members of the House are more highly respected. And this comes about even though he is the very antithesis of about everything for which the Great Society stands. A vote on the minimum wage bill was momentarily coming up. So after taking much too much of the busy lawmaker's valuable time, being brought up-to-date on important affairs of state, I left to pay a duty call at the headquarters of the Associated General Contractors of America.

There I broke into another very busy man's afternoon schedule. Instead of delving into the current affairs of our Nation's greatest industry, Director Bill Dunn and some of his assistants and I inspected the construction library, much of which consists of books presented by Railroad builder, J. L. Allhands of Dallas, Texas. Mr. Dunn proudly handled a copy of Mr. Allhands' masterpiece, "Tools of the Earthmovers, Yesterday and Today." It is an extremely scarce and valuable treatise. I was proud to be able to tell Brother Dunn and helpers I am the proud possessor of a copy which I talked Mr. Allhands, or rather Mrs. Allhands, out of in Dallas sometime back. Those guys had other things to do besides discussing rare books so I left to obtain guidance from my political godfather, Walter Trohan of the Chicago Tribune staff.

Mr. Trohan was away making his weekly radio address. But as I left, the telephone rang. He was on the other end of the line. The journalist insisted for once he had plenty of time to commune with me and other friends. His wife had just left for San Domingo where their daughter, wife of a U. S. Diplomat, had just given birth to a baby. Unfortunately, this time I did not have time to spend with him or any other Washington friends and relatives. My time was so over-committed I was unable to get into communication with any of them.

In a rather lengthy telephonic visit, the future of the Republican party, and more particularly a Presidential candidate for 1968, was discussed. I fear Mr. Trohan is in the same boat with me. We are casting about for a suitable candidate who can unite the two wings of the Republican party so as to face the Great Society two years hence with united backing.

The CCWRT conclaves are always heartwarming. It is grand to stage a reunion with the veterans and to welcome newcomers who always seem to appear in sufficient numbers to keep enthusiasm at a high ebb. But it brings a pang to miss familiar faces who, for one reason or another, fail to put in an appearance. And it is a source of real regret to pause to mourn the passing of cherished Buff friends.

At the dinner, dignified Washington attorney, Paul Sedgwick, delivered a masterful address on the trial of the Lincoln Assassination conspirators. He presented a fitting background against which we could visualize the happenings at the various places to be visited on the morrow. Mr.

Sedgwick is the gentleman who persuaded me to read the Scripture Lesson from the pulpit of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church on last Good Friday, the Centennial of Lincoln's Assassination. That will ever remain one of the high spots in my life.

The soul of the Round Tables Ralph Newman put in an appearance. Some months ago that gentleman undertook the responsibility of arranging President Johnson's papers for permanent preservation. Along with his other multitudinous obligations, that is keeping our Chicago book dealer on the hump. One of his fellow Chicagoans told of an incident, the authenticity of which I am inclined to question.

Mr. Johnson appeared at a Chicago fund raising dinner a few evenings before our Washington visit. As the book and autograph-conscious dealer observed the President at the head table transcribing his autograph for numerous people, he sent LBJ a frantic note,

"For goodness sake, stop signing your name so much. You are depressing the market."

Next morning called for a prompt start to keep an early appointment. We must be at the White House for a super-duper tour of the Presidential mansion. Never before have I been given opportunity for such an intimate study of the Nation's number one home. We looked at the rooms the public is customarily permitted to view such as the Library, China Room, East, Green, Blue and Red Rooms. But then we proceeded upstairs to see much of the family living quarters. Of particular interest and possibly the most historic room in the White House is the Treaty Room which I was permitted to visit last year under the guidance of Mrs. Johnson. Here Lincoln's cabinet was wont to convene. Here, he wrote the Emancipation Proclamation and on the wall hangs an original copy of the Gettysburg Address. We were shown the rooms occupied by Earl Snowden and his Princess wife, Margaret.

The visit concluded in the state dining room. A well written paper which I'll bet a hat was written by Ralph Newman, was read by a Presidential secretary. I reckoned that was the end of the tour but Mr. Newman was not through pulling rabbits out of his hat. Robert Lincoln Beckwith, the Civil War President's great-grandson, put in an appearance. He was a bit shaky, having just been discharged from a hospital after recovering from bruises sustained when he overturned a truck on his Virginia farm. To welcome this scion of a President, Lyndon Johnson took time from an over-crowded schedule. He made a brief but most appropriate speech and then disappeared through a door.

With Bertie, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Miller of Evanston, Illinois and Colonel Ned Julian of Atlanta, Georgia, I was standing in a tight little group. Advocates of the Great Society could search the land over and never find a trio of men who take a more bearish view of their activities. One of the three delivered himself of a somewhat caustic criticism of the Great Society and the political party sponsoring it. Just as he did so, out of the nowhere appeared the President of the United States extending to me a cordial handshake. To my startled wife, he expressed sincere regrets that her visit to Washington was accompanied by such inclement weather. It was raining outside. I will always hope he did not hear the unflattering remark. Mr. Johnson had returned to enable a bevy of photographers take his picture with Robert Lincoln Beckwith standing beneath the picture of the Civil War president which Mr. Beckwith's grandmother, Mrs. Robert Todd Lincoln presented to the Nation after her husband's death.

We had spent hours in the White House and it was time to hurry on for another important date. This was a luncheon in the Senate office building. Here we were joined by peerless Civil War writer, Bruce Catton, keeper of rare documents at the Congressional Library, David Mearns, the gentleman who is tying up the loose ends of the late Civil War Centennial, Ed Gass and a considerable group of other literary lights and Lincoln and Civil War devotees.

A most sumptuous repast ended, the buses were again boarded for the short ride to the Congressional Library to witness a most notable ceremony. Pete Long presented to L. Quincy Mumford, Librarian of the great institution the nine million word assortment of notes he jotted down while doing the research work for Bruce Catton's monumental Centennial History of the Civil War. After an all too brief tour of the vast library, the buses were again boarded and we proceeded to the Naval Museum.

If I ever heard of that place before, I could not recall it. It is tremendous, especially if one is interested in ships in which I am not particularly.

Then we got into the serious business of checking into the Lincoln Assassination. We paused at the Surratt House, now a cornerstone of Washington's China Town, then glanced at the Peterson House, where Lincoln died, and across the street took a look at the splendid renovation of Ford's Theater, now nearing completion. Plans underway call for its use as a legitimate theater. I have always contended if it were rebuilt, "My American Cousin" would play to capacity crowds

during the tourist season from now to eternity. Critics complain the play Lincoln was watching when shot down is rather dull. But one of our modern playwrights could jazz it up to a point where it would be palatable for twentieth century audiences.

We proceeded to Fort McNairn, another Washington deal I had never before seen. Here the Lincoln conspirators were tried, hanged and remained buried until relatives and friends were permitted to remove them elsewhere. This brought us to the end of a long day and the Command Post, where we were joined by a considerable group of Washington Civil War Buffs, was a welcome refresher.

At the dinner session we were treated to an expert's analysis of the Booth Flight Trail, which we were to follow the next day. Colonel J. Gay Seabourne really knows his stuff on that topic.

So much enthusiasm was generated the Washington folks chartered a bus in which to accompany the two which carried the people from the Middle West. When I endeavored to board my bus for the tour down the Booth Trail on Saturday morning, it was already filled. So I joined the group of erudite Easterners. It proved to be a most interesting day communing with an entirely new group of people. Only disappointment was the heavy buses could not negotiate some of the country roads to spots where Booth and his pal Herold cavorted on their twelve day flight. We discovered the Garrett farm, where Booth was killed, has been bisected by the fourlaning of Highway #301 since I last had been there, which certainly lessens its historical interest.

Here Ambler Johnston gave a most interesting discourse concerning the mattress on which Booth lay while he breathed his last. Many years ago, members of the Garrett family kept bird-dogs for him and other Richmond nimrods. Frequently they viewed the mattress upon which Booth died, at that time used by Garrett children when they slept outdoors. It never occurred to those Confederate oriented Virginians that this would have been a prize relic to have preserved and it was eventually burned.

From the Garrett farm the convoy turned northwestward toward Fredericksburg. Eleven miles southeast of that historic city the buses stopped at a spot well known to me. It was the entrance to Moss Neck Manor. All knew well the story of that plantation. Here Stonewall Jackson and his Corps headquartered during the winter of 1862-63. And from here his famed foot cavalry moved into Fredericksburg to assist in delivering the crushing blow to General Burnsides Army of the Potomac in what history knows as the Battle of Fredericksburg.

This was fun night. Ed Waterbury and Ralph Newman brought in a night club entertainer with whom they had become enamored during lonely Washington evenings. That guy was really good. His music, interspersed with comical, and some not so comical remarks about personages on the Washington scene were hilarious. And it served to again remind us of the wonderful country in which we live. Not many countries in which an entertainer could make such cracks about the highest governmental leaders and get away with it. I trust we have sense enough to keep it that way.

The directors of the Chicago CWRT held an important session. It was to reach a decision as to where to go next year. Pete Long won a long fought war. It was voted to study the Civil War in Missouri and Arkansas. I have long been enthusiastic about this but lukewarm on the logistics involved. It is a considerable distance from Wilson Creek in Missouri to Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove in Arkansas and back to Westport Battle site at Kansas City. I certainly hope it works out. And knowing that determined group of campaigners as I do, it probably will.

On Sunday we forsook our Illinois friends for a day in the Maryland countryside. Dick Mudd and his bridge-playing, fruit-canning wife came by for us. We truly have a lot in common with these folk, particularly on the subjects of rearing children and not pampering grandchildren. Deep in the Maryland woods we came to an attractive farmstead. Then I learned where Isaac Don Levine fitted into the picture. The authority on Russia, some years ago, purchased a country home once belonging to a branch of the Mudd family.

Mr. Levine and his attractive Wisconsin wife are truly dynamic personalities as their life stories well illustrate. As a youth in Czarist Russia, he became so taken with Mark Twain and his writings he decided to visit the Missouri writer's boyhood haunts. Working his way across the Atlantic, he arrived in New York with six kopecks, (three dollars) in his pocket. He got a job and worked until he saved enough money to get to Chicago. There he paused long enough to earn a passage to Kansas City. In the western Missouri metropolis, he was dismayed to learn he was clear across the state from his objective with but a lone dollar in his possession.

Again he got a job, but instead of proceeding to Hannibal, he enrolled in Westport High School from which he graduated in 1914. This certainly gave us a community of interest. Several of his fellow graduates became good friends of mine at

the University of Missouri. While in high school, he wrote articles for the K. C. Star and after graduation, worked for that paper for a time. From there he proceeded to Chicago.

One of that city's papers sent him to Europe as a correspondent. There he had opportunity to become well acquainted with Lenin, Stalin, Trotsky, famed writer Gorky and numerous other leaders of the Revolution. By 1924, his anti-Communistic views had become so pronounced he deemed it best to leave Russia.

A few years ago he was enabled to return to his native land under circumstances which enabled him to delve more deeply into present day Russian affairs than anyone I know. This was apparently permitted because of Lenin autographic material in his possession which Soviet authorities were most anxious to obtain.

The writer detailed his experiences on this trip in a book, a copy of which he presented to me. I believe this account gives the best picture of present-day Russia I have read. I am not certain if the author would concur in my views but so far as I am concerned, it strengthens my belief Russia is the biggest bluff in history.

Our host revealed he finally got to Hannibal, Missouri two years ago by driving through on his way to attend the fiftieth reunion of his Westport High School class. The Levine luncheon guests were a fascinating group.

Mr. Levine introduced me to a Colonel Lemley. This meant nothing much to me until the writer continued the introduction by telling the Colonel how much he had enjoyed a visit with his brother, Major-General Lemley, Commandant at Fort Leavenworth. Mr. Levine had but returned from the Kansas post where he delivered a lecture. The General and Colonel are sons of my late good friend, Judge Lemley of Hope, Arkansas. I had long desired to meet Colonel Lemley. His artillery unit was attached to our son, Lieutenant Bob Bass' 99th Division during much of its arduous campaign through the Battle of the Bulge, the break-through of the Seigfried Line, the capture of Remagen Bridge and on into Germany.

We needs must tear ourselves away from that fascinating luncheon party to return to Washington for a dinner with an entirely different group. Margaret Fristoe, with the assistance of her seven year old daughter, her mother-in-law and Robert Lincoln Beckwith, entertained a group of Buffs at dinner. Her retired Air Force officer husband was in New York on business. Dr. Burhans had rented a car. With the masterful assistance of his map reading wife, he chauffered Frances Ames, Paul Behanna and Bertie and myself to the Fristoe home. I do not believe I ever would have found it on my own. Margaret April, Peggy Labold and her sister of Evansville, Indiana, a newly converted Buff, arrived to share in a dinner and a sparkling evening midst a setting of priceless Americana.

Robert Lincoln Beckwith spends much time on his Virginia farm. At the same time, he maintains a Washington apartment. But he still possesses such a supply of furniture, china, paintings and other cherished Lincoln family heirlooms he can spare much for the use of his secretary's family. That dinner and evening really were something. Filled to overflowing with the aura of Abraham Lincoln, we all insisted the taxi driver who returned us to the Marriott first drive us around the Lincoln Memorial. The driver was not surprised. He informed us he has circled the Memorial countless times at the behest of patriotic Americans.

Monday was Memorial Day. What more fitting but that students of the Nation's war which produced the most casualties should visit Arlington on that day to pay homage to the thousands of heroes from all our wars who are there buried. Our patriotic group strolled through much of the cemetery on the way to the amphitheater. We viewed the graves of William Howard Taft and Robert Todd Lincoln and stopped to place a wreath and pay tribute at the grave of a true hero of the Republic. General Manus McCloskey, a long-time member of the Round Table passed away last year at the ripe old age of eighty-nine. He it was who, arriving with his artillery unit on the field of Chateau Thierry during the peak of the German 1918 offensive, received orders to retreat.

"Retreat! Hell!" he cried, "We just got here!" His unit instead dug itself in and helped stop the last great German offensive of World War I at its farthest penetration into France.

The Arlington Memorial Day program is truly an impressive affair. A negro marine sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" in such fashion as would raise to a patriotic fervor the most hardened iconoclast. Even though his name did not appear on the printed program, our unpredictable President appeared to make what I regarded as a major policy speech. The sum and substance of it was that we are in Viet Nam for good. I hope the American people arise in their wrath and cause him to change his mind and stop this senseless murdering of American boys. I feel like the Democratic editor of my wife's hometown Missouri paper when he agonizes,

"Who is for this crazy war anyway?"

The General who was down for the main ad-

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

dress was shoved clear off the program to make way for LBJ. I'll wager that poor guy spent hours writing and practicing a speech for this auspicious occasion. As the presidential party took its departure, Mrs. Wilford Smith took cognizance of the warming rays of the morning sun. Hoping we would soon be in the shade she asked,

"Which way is the sun moving?" Her husband replied,

"Darling, it is moving west. Not even LBJ has been able to change that!"

The buses returned us to the Marriott where, after a brief pause, they continued on to the National Airport where the main group boarded the White Sox plane for the return to the Midlands. It was Au Revoir' but not farewell to a grand group of people. We expect to be on hand to greet them at Springfield, Missouri next spring.

We loafed away a warmish afternoon and then proceeded to the Madison Hotel where we had invited the Ed Waterburys for dinner so we might properly toast their brand new matrimonial status. Bertie regards that deal as almost a personal triumph. We had never before met the bride but my wife has spent years impressing upon the personable groom the advantages of matrimony. We also invited Walter Trohan and Ralph Newman, who had remained over, to join us. But Mr. Trohan was otherwise engaged. I was sorry, as a session with him on the Capitol's affairs is always most worthwhile.

During this tour I was told of a luncheon held the week before in New York attended by MacKinley Kantor, Bruce Catton, Herb Kann, Ralph Newman and Carl Haverlin. The discussion turned to education. To the surprise of all, not a one possessed a college degree. But in the group were three Pulitzer prize winners and a total of thirty-five honorary Doctorates.

Tuesday I traveled the Booth Trail with Dick Mudd and Leo Bobb. I doubt if the trail has been so minutely looked at since Osborne H. Oldroyd walked the entire distance in 1901. We had inspected the Surratt House, Ford's Theatre and the Peterson House in Washington and crossed the river on a bridge hard by the location of the one on which Booth crossed after flim-flamming the guards into letting him pass. So Dr. Mudd and I arranged to meet Leo Bobb at the Surratt Tavern in what, in 1865, was Surrattsville. After the assassination, citizens of the village changed the name to Clinton in an effort to erase the part the community played in one of history's most heinous crimes.

The present tenants graciously permitted us to roam the premises at will. In a room on the second floor we viewed the still loose floor boards beneath which were concealed the guns given to Booth and Herold on the night of the assassination. We photographed the door through which the tavern keeper, Lloyd passed the guns and a bottle of whiskey.

While my detail minded comrades studied the tavern, I conversed with the tenants. Each is from a family of sixteen children. Apparently they are out to equal or better their parents' records. They have three children, the eldest only three.

From former Surratsville, we proceeded to T.B. Here stands the store past which the proprietor's wife heard horses hoofs "go thundering by" as the culprits continued their flight. The store stands as it did a century ago, only now it is an antique shop.

Down the road Booth and Herold traveled, we continued to reach the house where Dr. Samuel Mudd lived during that tragic period. Here he treated Booth's fractured leg and, as a result, found himself in a peck of trouble. The house and farm are now owned by Joe Mudd, a grandson of Dr. Sam and a cousin of Dr. Dick. The current owner and his wife extended a cordial welcome. We visited with them in the very room in which Dr. Sam worked on the actor's fractured leg.

After lingering much too long for the time at our disposal, we traveled to Bryan Town for a look at St. Peters Church and its cemeteries. The original Mudd came over from England to Virginia as an indentured servant. Being a devout Catholic, he did not feel particularly at home with the Church of England-minded Cavaliers of the Old Dominion. So soon as his obligations to his master were discharged, he crossed the Potomac to settle in Catholic Maryland. Here he married a good Catholic girl and the descendants of that couple are so prolific that living Mudds form a goodly percentage of present day Marylanders and an even greater percentage of inhabitants of all the cemeteries we visited.

We tarried at St. Peters Church and in its cemeteries and then became involved in a historical discourse with the current pastor, Father Henry Sank. Dr. Samuel Mudd is interred in this churchyard.

At Bryan Town we needs must call on one of the Levines' guests of Sunday. Dick Mudd had accepted Mrs. Currico's invitation to stop by for a refreshing moment and coffee and cake. The Curricos live in a beautiful home erected immediately after the Civil War. I was glad my wife was not along. We never would have pried her away from that antique furnished dream.

Then we came to the Cox House and the thicket wherein the fugitives hid out while Colonel Cox and a neighbor by name of Jones procured a boat in which they could cross the Potomac in the

continuance of their southward flight. The well preserved Cox house now serves as a gate-house for a rather pretentious retreat of a Catholic order. The grounds encompass a considerable acreage and include the spot from which the assassins took off in the boat for the Virginia shore.

Forbidding "No Admittance", "Private" and "Keep Out" signs did not convey the impression trespassers such as we would be welcome. No one was about. So after a hesitating pause, we drove into the spacious grounds. We traversed the considerable distance to the Monastery building perched on the river bank. Still not seeing anyone, we started down the bank to photograph the exact spot at a creeks mouth where the pair took off. About then a somewhat stern visaged Father caught up with us, with a preemptory demand to know what we were doing there, giving us the distinct impression he deemed us of rather low intelligence if we were unable to comprehend the meaning of the forbidding signs at the entrance.

Dr. Mudd brought into focus his best Catholic manner and when he informed the Father we had traveled all the way from Michigan, Oklahoma and Pennsylvania just to get a peep at the river bank, he thawed considerably. He gave us permission to examine and photograph the river and creek to our hearts content and even invited us into the monastery.

Down the Potomac we traveled until we found a bridge on which to cross to the Virginia side and then back up the river in the forlorn hope we could view the point at which the fugitives disembarked. This, Leo Bobb assured, we would not see. It is in the confines of the Dahlgren Naval Yard, an extremely "hush, hush" installation. But we drove to the entrance anyway. The guard assured us there was no way we could gain admittance.

After vain discussion, Dr. Mudd declared he possessed a retired Colonel's card and had spent five years in the Armed Forces during W.W. II. His service and card should entitle him to some consideration. He left to telephone someone of higher authority.

Then I noticed, some distance inside the post, a monument erected to the memory of Admiral Dahlgren. I told the guard irrespective of all else, I must get a picture of that. He assured me I would not be permitted even that much leeway. I began relating my interest in Dahlgren. He became so intrigued he called the Officer of the Day.

In the very darkest hour of the Civil War, Admiral (then Captain) Dahlgren was in command of the Washington Naval Yard. McClellan, with the main Army of the Potomac, was southeast of Richmond, so close that on Sunday evening his sentries could hear the Confederate Capital's churchbells calling the faithful to worship. Halfway between Washington and Richmond, McDowell at Fredericksburg was poised with 50,000 men preparing to swoop down on Richmond.

Just as this well planned campaign was about to reach fruitation, President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton awakened to the realization Stonewall Jackson had cleared the Shenandoah Valley of Federal troops and there was no one much to prevent his marching into Washington. They ordered McDowell to turn his army around and hurry back to the defense of the Federal Capital. Intent on capturing Richmond, that obdurate gentleman turned a deaf ear to any such ideas.

Captain Dahlgren received two telegrams on a day during this crucial period, ordering him to prepare a gunboat for a trip down the river that night. At 8 P.M., President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton came aboard. The President brought along a little volume of Fitz-Green Halleck's poetry. From it he read "Marco Bozzaris" the story of a Grecian hero who perished just as he learned his comrades were victorious in a battle of the War of Independence against the Turks. Oddly enough, this poem perfectly foretold the fate Mr. Lincoln was to suffer three years later.

The President and Stanton left the gunboat and executed their mission of compelling McDowell to reverse his line of march and return to Washington. This incident is graphically described by Douglas Southall Freeman in his masterful biography of Robert E. Lee. A handful of Jeb Stuart's cavalrymen from a hill were watching the Union Army. They comprised the total Confederate force between McDowell's command and Richmond. They watched the Union Army breaking camp ostensibly for the advance on Richmond when, to their amazement, the Northerners about faced and headed for Washington.

Jackson, instead of advancing toward Washington, put his men on railroad cars and hurried to Richmond. Combining forces with Lee's command, the United Army of Northern Virginia delivered the sledge hammer blows known in history as the "Seven Days' Battles." The Union Army was driven away not to approach so close again to the Confederate Capital for three long, blood-spattered years.

Mr. Lincoln absent-mindedly left the book of poetry aboard the gunboat. Captain Dahlgren kept it and wrote a brief summary of the happening in the book. After the war, he retrieved the two original telegrams from the Navy Department.

Telegrams and Halleck's book were bound into a case with a copy of his own Memoirs. This irreplacable piece of cherished Americana came into my proud possession a few years ago.

The Naval men were so taken with my story they relented and accompanied me to the monument while I took some snapshots of it. While I was doing this, Doctor Mudd reappeared. He had telephonically gone up the hiarchy until he had finally made contact with the base Commander. That gentleman became intrigued with learning three men from such widely separated areas of the country would come together to look at a desolate spot on a river bank. He decided to come over and have a look at that assortment of "Kooks". Taken in by Dr. Mudd's persuasive personality, Leo Bobb's assertion this was his sixth trip to Virginia in an effort to see the landing spot, my story of the Admiral after whom the base was named and our whole-hearted enthusiasm, he relented and personally escorted us to the river bank.

There under the watchful eyes of conscientious officers who made certain we photographed nothing but river bank, we looked and snapped pictures to our hearts content. Then we hurried on.

A short distance away stands Dr. Stuart's home. Here Booth came in desperation as the pain of his ailing leg became unbearable. The Doctor refused to allow the pair entrance to his home but made arrangements for them to sleep in a negro's shack a short distance away.

Again forbidding "No Admittance" signs barred our way. The Stuart House has been put in excellent shape, apparently by the Navy as it appears to play some part in the secretive operations of Dahlgren Base. No one was about so we entered the premises and exercised our cameras. My detail minded comrades wished to enter the house for interior pictures. But we could arouse no one. As we left, we met a couple of members of the Armed Forces who preemptorily challenged our right to be there. They softened when we explained our mission but even when Dick Mudd turned on the full charm of his personality, they would not permit us entrance to the house.

With this view of the Stuart House, we considered our mission ended. From there to the Garrett Farm were no more secret spots and Colonel Seaborne had covered it so thoroughly there was little more we could hope to learn. Besides, a visit to the Garrett Farm is a disappointment. The four lanes of Highway #301 bisect it completely altering its appearance. Otherwise it is positively amazing how the twentieth century has passed by the area over which Booth and Herold fled. It is changed but little. In most cases the houses and buildings which featured in the flight still stand and are in use.

Leo Bobb, exulting over the success of the day's adventures, declared,

"It is all a result of positive thinking."

Dr. Mudd returned me to the Marriott. The last stragglers from the Round Table had left. Bertie's niece, Pauline Kidd came in for dinner and Bertie and I discussed our immediate future. We debated whether we should do the sensible thing by honoring our American Airlines reservations and returning to Oklahoma, make a hasty foray into New York City or sample some of Christiana Campbell's fig ice cream in Williamsburg.

The ice cream won out. We rented a Chevrolet and drove into the peace and quiet of the seventeenth century of Virginia's restored capital. I recommend that atmosphere to all whose nerves are frayed by the turmoil of the twentieth.

# # # # # # # # #

Our carpenter apprentice grandson, eighteen year old Bob Berry is hammering and sawing his way through the hottest and driest summer our fair community has experienced in many a year. I am not quite certain as of just what his nocturnal activities consist. But he says he just "goofs" around with a "cool" group of boys and girls with whom he has become acquainted.

I am also a bit dubious of his opinion of his maternal grandfather. He absolutely insisted I had to go see the cinema, "A Thousand Fools". It is featured by a television actor who, no matter what important business is on hand, drops everything to run off on the spur of the moment to feed pigeons in Central Park, ride around Manhattan Island, climb the Statue of Liberty or what have you. I do not quite understand why that guy should remind him of me.

The rest of our grandkids we merely hear about as they flit hither and yon, engaged in engrossing summer activities.

Sincerely,

H.B.B.

NOTES

Recently I gave, or sent you a report by Mr.Henry B.Bass, of Enid,Okla., on the Booth Trail. After going over it carefully, I find there are some errors in it, listed below. Please either attach this to that report, or make the changes listed below.

R.D.Rudd,M.D.

CHANGES IN BOOTH TRAIL REPORT OF MR.BASS

Page 1 - Lowest left hand picture - change St. Peters Church to St.Marys Church.

Page 2 - Lowest left picture - change Ft.McNarin to Ft. McNair.

Third picture from top on left - change Col.Cox home to Tom Jones home.

Page 7 - Right column, near center, Change: At St.Peters Church and its cemeteries to read -"At St. Marys Church and its cemetery."

Same column, near bottom. Delete: "Dr.Samuel Rudd is interred in this churchyard." (actually Dr.Samuel A. Rudd is buried at St.Marys Church, Bryantown.

at ~~Near~~ bottom: Rt change this paragraph to read:

Then we came to the Cox house and the thicket where he hid Booth for about 24 hours and later to the vicinity of Tom Jones, half brother of Cox, where Booth was hidden for almost 6 days till Jones procured a boat in which they could cross the Potomac.....

Page 8 Left column - 2d line change: "Cox house" to "Jones house."

Page 4 - Rt bottom: change ~~our~~ My American Cousin to Our American Cousin.

R D Rudd MD

Sept. 27, 1979

Dear Mr. Neely:

This would be a good time for you to mark your next year's calendar, circa Apr. 14,

"To to Washington and take the John Wilkes Booth Escape Route Tour."

There are already about 10 people reserving seats for the next trip, inasmuch as they couldn't be accommodated this time.

Don't say you're not being kept advised of what's going on in our Conspiratorial Area.

JOHN BRENNAN

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PArkway 5-4470

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MANIFEST FOR SURRATT SOCIETY'S BOOTH-ESCAPE-ROUTE TOUR NO. 7, SEP. 29, 1979

No. of Reservations

1 *James O. HALL of McLean, Va., our volunteer narrator, is a long-time, insatiable researcher on all aspects of the Lincoln Assassination. His most recent contribution to the Civil War Times Illustrated had to do with an odd but notable fellow named Pink Parker who put up a monument to the memory of John Wilks (sic) Booth in Troy, Alabama. Mr. Hall's newspaper articles probably reveal as much as will ever be learned about the mysteries connected with such people as Mrs. Slater, the Guerrilla Boyle, and John F. Parker, the White House guard.

3 *Ralph ALEXANDER of Clinton is a regular on our tours, and we wouldn't let the bus take off without him. He has two other pilgrims with him today, his father and his nephew Andy CHILTON.

1 Edwin W. BEITZELL of Abell, Md., is the resourceful editor of the St. Mary's County Historical Society's "Chronicles." His hardbacks are, "Life on the Potomac River (1968)," "Point Lookout Prison Camp (1972)," and "Jesuit Missions of St. Mary's County (1976)." He does a slideshow lecture on his favorite topic, the mistreatment accorded the Confederates confined in the Point Lookout Prison.

1 Becky BENTON of Charles County has done the trail trip before incident to her research on Dr. Samuel A. Mudd and the Mudd House, and her slideshow narration explaining the photographs she took has been most favorably commented on.

1 *Ellen BOWIE of Temple Hills is a tour guide or docent at the Surratt House and is therefore highly knowledgeable. She intends soon to make application to join the United Daughters of the Confederacy, based on her relationship to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Col. John S. Mosby, and Capt. Wat Bowie. [Note: For Dr. James W. BISHOP, see bottom of page.]

1 *John C. BRENNAN of Laurel, Md., is now a seasoned patron of these semiannual tour extravaganzas, having attended 5 of the 6 previous trips put on by the Surratt Society.

1 *Joan CHACONAS, like James O. HALL, needs no introduction. She is an avid student of Maryland, Washington, and Georgetown history, and narrates tours for such groups as the Smithsonian Associates. Her artistic booklet on the Escape Route, a must souvenir of this trip, is on sale at the Surratt House and at various bookstores in Washington.

4 *Dr. William COYLE, gynecologist, today accompanied by his family, seldom misses any get-together that will add to his knowedge of the 1865 "shot heard round the world." Today's trip, if all goes well, will provide diversion to him, his attractive family, and all the other 41 of us.

1 *Erick F. DAVIS, still a young man, is an up and coming writer and researcher in his home area of the Monumental City. It was his discovery of an 1864 document in the National Archives that authenticated the fact that the Surratt Tavern was a Confederate "safehouse," i.e., a place officially recognized as being safe for Confederate operatives to stay.

1 Donald P. DOW of Ft. Worth is a manuscript, autograph, and Americana collector. A Fort Worth bank in 1976 put on an exhibit of some of his rare items, printed an illustrated booklet about them, and took out an insurance policy of $250,000 to cover any loss. Through the good offices of bookman James Barbour of Port Tobacco we have come to know Donald and he us.

1 *Alex DURVIN of Oxon Hill is a Civil War enthusiast who is doing the Booth trail for the first time today.

1 Claire E. GRAHAM of Georgetown (like Bert SHELDON, who is also aboard our bus today) is a member of the Washington Civil War Round Table. Joan CHACONAS has appeared before this group on several occasions to enlist the interest of these experts in Surratt Society endeavors.

1 *Nancy GRIFFITH of Bowie is the indefatigable librarian of the Surratt Society who is gradually establishing a research center at the Surratt House. One of her recent scoops is the acquisition of a brand new 600-page manuscript, a biography of Laura Keene, done by Dr. Ben Graf Henneke of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

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1 After these sheets were typed we were glad to learn that Dr. James W. BISHOP, a dentist of Annapolis, will be able to join us.

No. of Reservations

1 Mrs. Malcolm HODGES of Oxon Hill is a member of the Oxon Hill Bike and Trail Club -- whose aim it is to provide safe and interesting pathways for young bicyclists. The Club already has a segment of a trail that bears Booth's name.

1 Father Alfred ISACSSON of Maspeth, N.Y., is the Carmelite priest whose research into the lives and times of the Surratts led to the acquisition of the letters of Anna that are now on display at the Surratt House. He is the author of numerous published articles and is now working on a biography of Father Jacob A. Walter, the priest who accompanied Mrs. Surratt to the scaffold and whose innocence he proclaimed for the rest of his life.

1 Father Robert L. KEESLER of Laurel, a native Baltimorean, either has, or had and passed it on to some friend who needed it for his collection, every major book published on Maryland's contributions toward the Confederacy. Among his happy memories is his friendship with Monsignor John McAdams, whose close association with the Surratts resulted in his being given Mrs. Surratt's eyeglasses -- another of the Society's acquisitions now on display at the Surratt House.

3 Our *KELLEY family representatives aboard, from Oxon Hill, include Fred Senior, Fred Junior, and Nadine. It's great to have the KELLEY and COYLE youngsters with us, because some members of the younger generation are going to have to take up where we leave off.

2 It is embarrassing not to be able to pass on any biographical information whatsoever about *George S. and *Catherine A. LAWRENCE from way up in Demerest, N.J., but they'll be back and we'll make up for this omission in a future issue of the "Manifest."

1 Ketrin LONEY, a reporter for the Maryland Independent of Waldorf, who lives in Clinton, intends to write up our today's experiences for her paper. Doubtless the highlights of her article will be carried in the next monthly Surratt Newsletter which, of course, is sent to all members of the Society.

1 *Arthur F. LOUX of Millington, N.J., is the author of a forthcoming article in the Lincoln Herald, Harrogate, Tenn., explaining the mysterious cessation of telegraphic facilities the night of the Lincoln Assassination. And he continues working on the project to locate the gravesite of every member of the cast of "Our American Cousin" -- with only a few hard nuts left to crack.

2 *Pep and *Ray MARTIN, years ago and without assistance of any kind, trail-blazed the Booth Trail and then lodged a bound copy of their pictorial and textual account with the Maryland Historical Society. These brothers have all kinds of notes on Arnold, O'Laughlin, and Weichmann, and Pep has just completed an article on John ("Bull") Frizzell, a Georgetown giant who unhesitatingly agreed to help Thomas Nelson Conrad in an unsuccessful plan to kidnap Lincoln in the fall of 1864.

1 *Betty J. OWNSBEY of Richmond is another of the several fun-loving buffs whose detailed knowledge of the events of 1865 lies deep beneath her sense of levity. She, like the late Col. Julian A. Raymond and Gen. John F. Hartranft is an unabashed admirer (and portrayer in oils) of Lewis Powell Paine: she is writing one (maybe two) book(s) on this Fearless Floridian.

1 Robert E. T. POGUE of Bushwood, Md., the author of "Yesterday in Old St. Mary's County (1968)", has had a lifetime interest in the Confederacy's struggle to survive. He and his fellow countian, Edwin W. BEITZELL, are authorities on their area's participation and involvements in the bloody, fratricidal all-American war.

1 *Emily Mudd ROGERSON of Richmond, a sister of Louise Mudd Arehart (whom we hope to see today), spent her girlhood and younger years at her grandfather's house near Bryantown, which is now being restored by the Maryland Historical Trust. Her many memories include an overnight visit paid to the Mudd House by Mrs. Ella V. Mahoney of Bel Air, Md., when Mrs. Mahoney was engaged in research for her "Sketches of Tudor Hall."

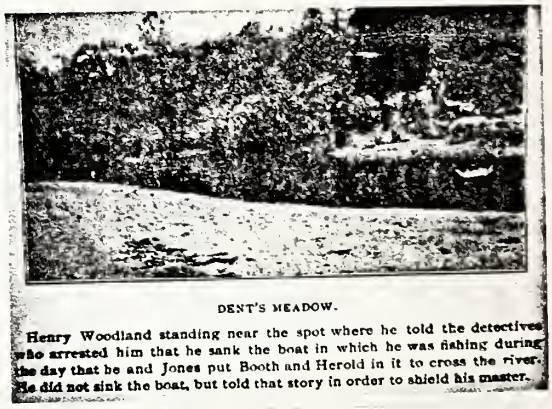
1 *Joe Y. ROWE, headmaster of the Grimes School at Orange, Va., is doing the tour for the second time today. Which strengthens our suspicion that it is educational, worthwhile, and merits a double-take.

No. of Reservations	
1	*Bert SHELDON of Chevy Chase is an encyclopedia of everything and anything that ever happened to Abraham Lincoln, including, of course, his assassination. During his long residency in the Washington area Bert has been consulted by or has come to know almost all the "name" authors of Lincoln books, and their lists of people to whom they are indebted ofttimes include him.
1	*Nancy STOFFAN of Upper Marlboro is a camera fan who expects to take many photographs today. When group pictures are posed it would help her and other photographers if the younger folks would sit or kneel or squat in a row nearest the photographer, with the older folks forming layers behind them.
2	*Bill and Ginny TAYLOR are among those we hope to know better and better as the bus eats up the miles between Ford's Theatre and Bowling Green.
1	*Daniel C. TOOMEY of Ferndale, Md., is a Confederate buff who researched out and wrote a most creditable booklet on Relay, Md., a rail junction that figured prominently in the opening and closing days of the Civil War.
2	Walter and Naomi WARD of Hillcrest Heights, Md., are among those making their maiden voyage aboard our land cruiser today.
1	*Ellie WHITEHEAD of Bowie is a history teacher who is gradually assembling her own private library on the Assassination. Being a docent of the Surratt Society, she can pretty well answer any question put to her -- and that word "pretty" wasn't used inadvertently.
1	*Ames W. Williams of Alexandria is the transportation historian whose tightly written "Washington & Old Dominion Railroad" and "Chesapeake Beach Railway" have made his name a household word among rail buffs of the National Capital area. His versatility in the history field extends over to include the Civil War and Lincoln Assassination periods.
1	Clara WOODDY is Tourism Planner for the Tri-County Council of Charles, St. Mary's, and Calvert Counties.
45	

*Member, Surratt Society

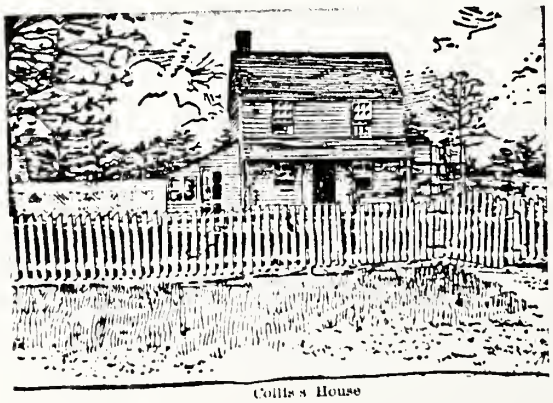
The photograph of Henry Woodland standing near the inlet where Booth and Herold departed Maryland's shores in a flat-bottom 12-foot rowboat is from Oldroyd's 1901 book on the Assassination.

The woodcuts of Collis's House and of Col. Samuel Cox' House are from Thomas A. Jones's book, "John Wilkes Booth," published in 1893.



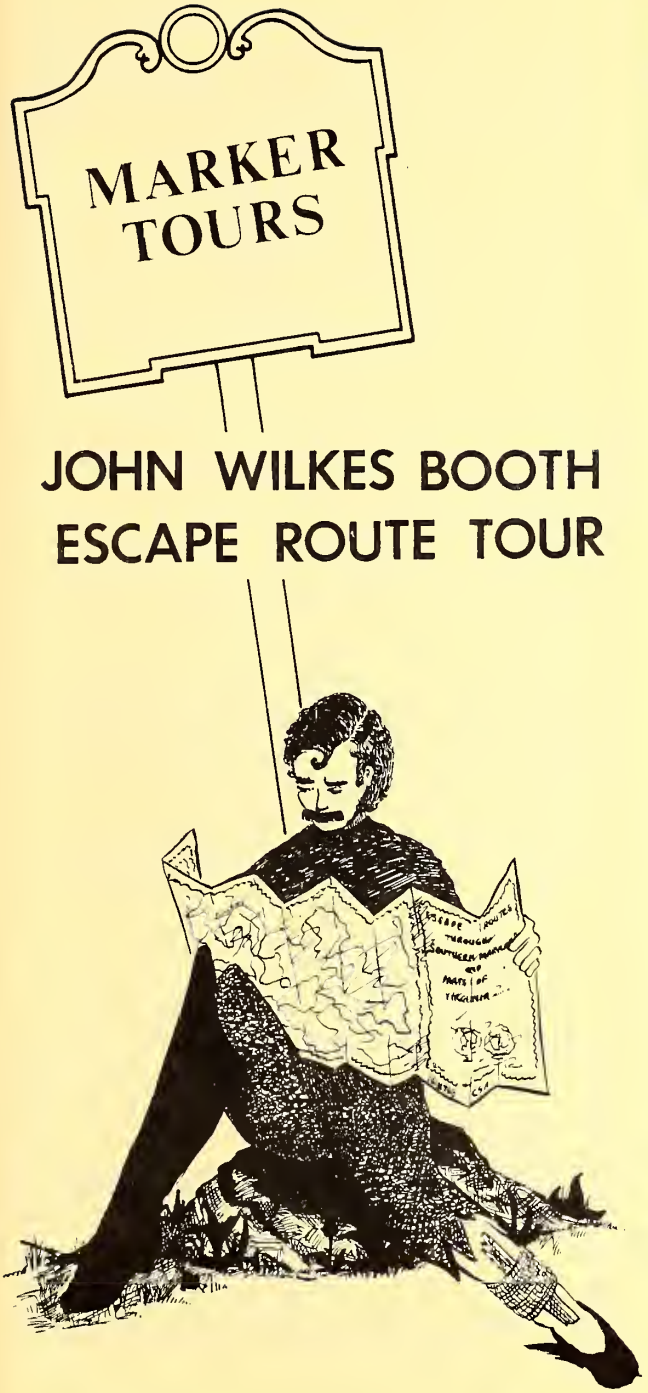
DENT'S MEADOW.

Henry Woodland standing near the spot where he told the detectives who arrested him that he sank the boat in which he was fishing during the day that he and Jones put Booth and Herold in it to cross the river. He did not sink the boat, but told that story in order to shield his master.



Collis's House

Residence of Samuel Cox



JOHN WILKES BOOTH ESCAPE ROUTE TOUR

JOHN WILKES BOOTH ESCAPE ROUTE TOUR

The John Wilkes Booth Escape Route Tour follows the flight of President Lincoln's assassin from Ford's Theatre in Washington,D.C. to the place of his death near Port Royal,Virginia.

The escape route winds its way through historic Southern Maryland across the Potomac River into the Northern Neck of Virginia. Included are stops at the Surratt Tavern,the homes of Dr.Samuel A. Mudd,Colonel Samuel Cox,Dr. Richard Stuart and the towns of Port Conway and Bowling Green before the end at the Garrett farm site on Route 301 south of Port Royal.

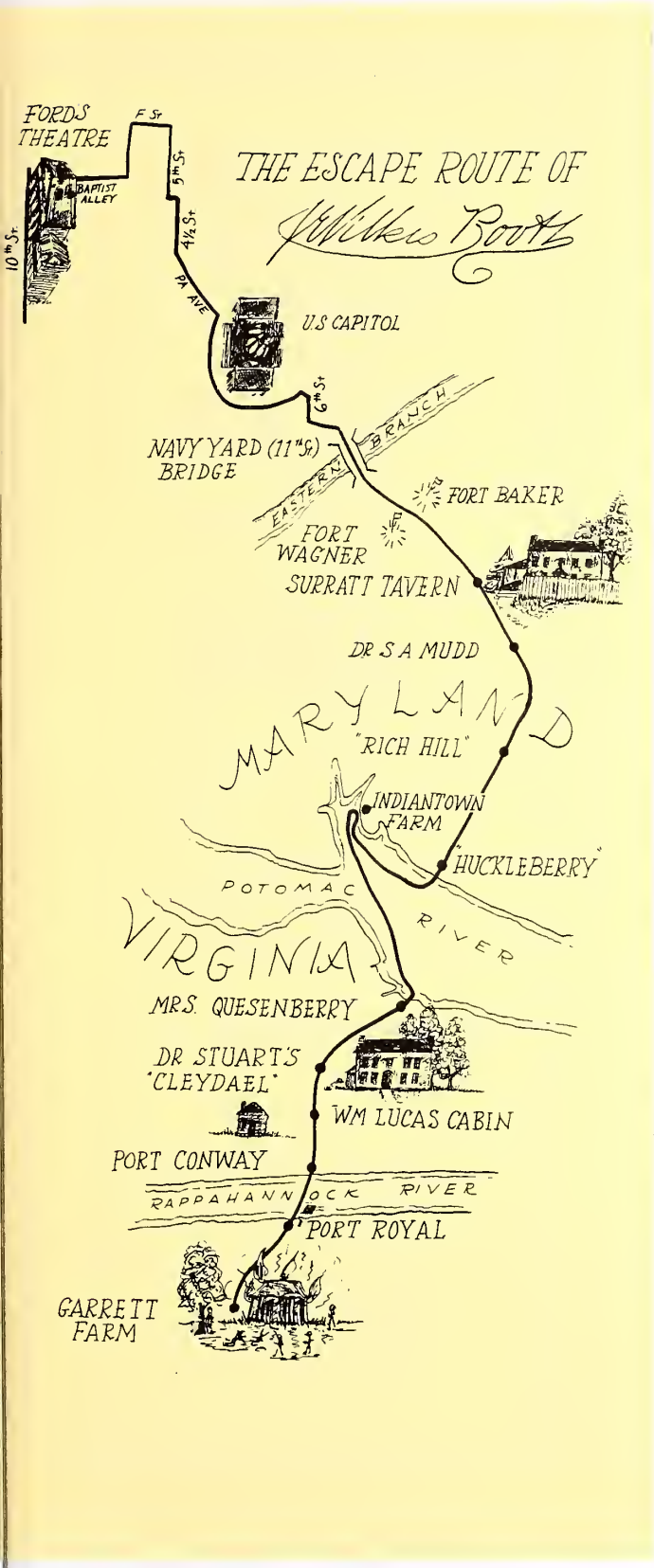
The tour covers approximately 100 miles in each direction and will run rain or shine. A stop will be made midway through the tour where you can purchase lunch. All admission fees are included in the price of the tour.

The bus will leave from the Lake Forest Shopping Mall in Gaithersburg,Maryland at 8:00 AM and will return to the same location at approximately 7:30 PM.

Leading the tour will be Joan L. Chaconas, a tour coordinator for the Smithsonian Resident Associate Program and Washington,D.C. research historian, and Edward Steers, President of the Lincoln Group of D.C. and a Fellow in the Company of Military Historians.

RESERVATIONS ARE REQUIRED. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL JOAN L.CHACONAS AT (301) 372-6945.

NEXT TOUR—
SATURDAY, SEPT. 24, 1983
PRICE: $23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EASTERN
FORT BAKER
FORT WAGNER
SURRATT TAVERN
DR S A MUDD
MARYLAND
"RICH HILL"
INDIANTOWN FARM
"HUCKLEBERRY"
POTOMAC
RIVER
VIRGINIA
MRS. QUESENBERRY
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WM LUCAS CABIN
PORT CONWAY
RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER
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FORD'S THEATRE

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SEASON II ..... WEEK XXXI ..... NIGHT 196

WHOLE NUMBER OF NIGHTS 4[illegible]

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Stage Manager ..... J. R. WRIGHT

Treasurer ..... R. CLAY FORD

Friday Evening, April 14th, 1865

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TOM TAYLOR'S CELEBRATED ECCENTRIC COMEDY,

As originally produced in America by Miss Keene, and performed by her upwards of

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Lord Dundreary ..... E. A. EMERSON

Mr. Coyne, Attorney ..... J. MATTHEWS

Lieutenant Vivian, R. N. ..... W. J. FERGUSON

Caudle De Boots ..... C. BYRNES

Binney ..... C. C. SPEAR

Buddicomb, a man ..... J. M. EVANS

John Wacker, a gardener ..... J. L. DeBONAT

Ranger, a groom ..... [illegible]

Sarah ..... G. A. PARKHURST and L. JOHNSON

Mary Trenchard ..... Miss J. GOURLAY

Mrs. Mountchessington ..... Mrs. H. MUZZY

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New facts uncovered about Booth flight through area

by Robert E.T. Pogue

The flight of John Wilkes Booth after he shot President Abraham Lincoln is interesting to Southern Marylanders because his trail covered familiar ground.

Most of it can be followed by automobile even today, but some, such as his wandering trek through Zekiah Swamp, would be impossible to follow. However, the great swamp can be bypassed, and by use of the Potomac River Bridge a motorist can follow the general direction of his route to its sudden end near Port Royal, Virginia.

I have found some new facts about Booth's flight since writing about him in my book, "Old Maryland Landmarks," so they will be included in this short story.

After Booth shot Lincoln on that fateful night of April 14, 1865, he jumped to the stage at Ford's Theater, breaking his left leg. He then hobbled out of the theater, mounted his horse, which was being held for him by a boy named "Peanut John," and headed for Southern Maryland. He crossed the Eleventh Street Bridge after being allowed to pass by the guard, and proceeded toward Surrattsville (now called Clinton). His accomplice, David Herold, followed about 15 minutes later.

Herold eventually caught up with Booth and when they arrived at the Surrattsville store about midnight they rested for a while and Booth drank some whiskey, for by this time his fractured leg was extremely painful. Booth asked the storekeeper, John Lloyd, if there was a doctor nearby, and Lloyd replied that there was none anywhere near there.

It was at this moment that Booth thought of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who was the only doctor he knew of in the whole area. Dr. Mudd's house was 17 miles south of Surrattsville, and off his planned route to Port Tobacco, but his leg would have to be set and he would have to lose the time.

So after supplying themselves with carbines, ammunition and other supplies they headed for T B and the Gallant Green Road, finally arriving at Dr. Mudd's house near Bryantown at about 4 a.m. on the 15th of April, the morning after the assassination. They were miles ahead of the news of the shooting, so Dr. Mudd knew nothing about it. He did not even recognize Booth, for Booth had disguised himself with a false beard and other theatrical makeup he brought with him.

John Wilkes Booth.

After Booth told him he had fallen from his horse and broken his leg, Dr. Mudd had no reason to doubt him, and set the broken leg, as any doctor would have done. Dr. Mudd was to serve four long years in prison for performing this innocent duty of his profession.

The next day Booth and Herold remounted their horses and entered Zekiah Swamp and soon became hopelessly lost. They wandered aimlessly until they met a Negro named Oswald Swann, who guided them to "Rich Hill," near Bel Alton, which was the home of Col. Samuel Cox, a Confederate sympathizer.

While doing the research for my book, I was unsuccessful in locating Cox's house. I knew it was near Bel Alton, but I thought it would be the Bel Alton on Route 301, and when inquiring about it made the mistake of asking where Samuel Cox's house was, but those I asked did not know of a Samuel Cox, for he had been dead many years.

One day not long ago, while delivering books at the P.S. Bowling Store in La Plata, I happened to ask Mrs. Frank Simms, a very congenial lady who works there, if she knew where I could find "Rich Hill." It so happened that she knew all about it and produced a map and pointed out the location of the Cox house, which still stands. It is near the old Bel Alton, which is located on Route 427 a mile or two east of Route 301.

The picture shown is the same house Thomas A. Jones described as "a large two-story house, with handsome piazzas front and rear, and a tall windowless roof with double chimneys on both ends." The picture shown fits this description he made back in 1884.

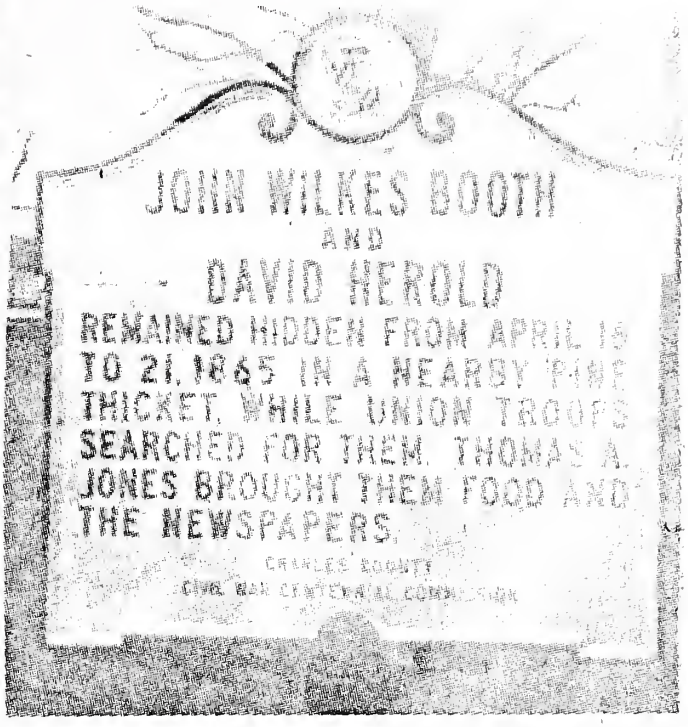
Samuel Cox was born in 1820 and his mother died while he was still an infant. He was taken care of by a neighbor who was the mother of Thomas A. Jones, and the two foster brothers grew up together and became lifetime friends. Cox became quite wealthy and owned "Rich Hill" farm and some 40 slaves. Jones apparently had no desire for wealth, and owned only a few slaves. He made his living by farming and fishing in the nearby Potomac River.

This Thomas A. Jones was, to me, the most interesting character in the whole story of Booth. He was a man of indomitable courage, loyal to his friends and his beloved Confederacy. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was living in a house which stood on a bluff nearly a hundred feet high, overlooking the Potomac River.

From this vantage point he could easily see the Virginia shore, which was a little over two miles distant. Jones became an important signalman and mail carrier for the Confederacy. He used to notify the signalman in Virginia, named Grimes, when it was unsafe to cross the Potomac by having Dr. Watson's daughter hang a large black shawl in an attic window facing Virginia. Grimes could easily see the black marker, and would postpone his crossing until it was removed by Miss Watson.

Jones would deposit the mail and newspapers from the North in a large hollow tree, where Grimes would pick it up and leave the mail from the South for Jones. These "post offices" were located in many other places in Southern Maryland. Jones never collected any pay for all of his services to the South, and eventually had to move to a smaller farm called

RICH HILL, the home of Confederate sympathizer Col. Samuel Cox, who aided Booth.



HISTORICAL MARKER near Bel Alton.

"Huckleberry." The little house still stands. Jones said that he made more than a hundred trips across the Potomac carrying medicine and passengers in his rowboat during the war. Sometimes the passengers would offer him a dollar for the passage, but he was hesitant about accepting it.

It was this little man, Thomas A. Jones, who hid Booth and Herold in a thick pine woods for six days, bringing them food and the news each day. There were so many Union Cavalrymen in the area looking for Booth that Jones was afraid to attempt to get him across the Potomac. He told Booth, "The country is full of soldiers, and all that I can do for you is get you off, if I can, for Cox's protection and mine, and your own safety. That I will do for you, if there is any way in the world to do it."

The next day Jones went to Port Tobacco to hear the news. He had a habit of standing around a gathering of people, with a mournful look on his countenance, listening to what was being said and taking it all in. It was said that it was impossible to look into Jones' face and tell what was going through his mind. While he was listening, a detective from Alexandria announced, "I will give one hundred thousand dollars and guarantee it to the man who can tell where Booth is."

The only man on earth who knew where Booth was at that moment was Thomas A. Jones, who was standing right beside the detective, but it never crossed his mind to betray Booth. The Chronicles of St. Mary's County have this to say about the incident:

"When we consider that the end of the war had come, and all the Confederate hopes were blasted and every man's slaves set free, we may reflect upon the fidelity of this poor man, whose land was not his own, and with inevitable poverty before him perhaps for the rest of his days, when he alone was entrusted with the man for whom the Government had offered a fortune and was increasing the reward. Mr. Jones said that it never occurred to him for one moment it would be a good thing to have that money. On the contrary, his sympathies were enlisted for the pale-faced young man, so ardent to get to Virginia and have the comforts of a doctor."

Jones realized that Booth had committed a terrible crime, but he said that he "just felt sorry for him."

A day or so after the incident at Port Tobacco, Jones again mounted his horse and set out to gather more news. This time he rode to Allen's Fresh, a little town at the head of the Wicomico River. There he found out that all of the Union troops were heading for St. Mary's County, for it had been reported that Booth had been seen near Chaptico. There are people who believe to this day that Booth came to St. Mary's County, but this is absolutely untrue, for Booth was still in the pine grove where he had been for six days.

Jones, realizing that this was the opportunity he had been waiting for, rushed to the pine grove and prepared to send Booth across the Potomac. He and Herold succeeded in carrying him to Dent's Meadow, where Jones kept his only skiff. After seating Booth in the stern of the skiff he gave him a compass and set the course to Virginia for him. Herold was to do the rowing.

Booth then told Jones, "God bless you, my dear friend, for all you have done for me." Jones said that Booth's last words were, "Goodbye, old fellow!" Then there was a moment's sound of oars on the water, and the two fugitives disappeared in the darkness. Jones never saw them again.

After making an erroneous landing near Nanjemoy in Maryland, the two finally made it to Virginia, but that landing at Nanjemoy proved to be a very fatal one. John J. Hughes, who lived at Nanjemoy, recognized Booth and after he had left hastened to Port Tobacco and reported that they had departed for Virginia. Troops were immediately dispatched to Virginia where the search was resumed.

By this time Booth and Herold had landed in Virginia near the present site of the Dahlgren Proving Grounds, and proceeded in a northerly direction to a Dr. Richard Stewart's house, where he expected to get treatment from the doctor but was refused. Booth had expected the Virginians to receive him with open arms, and was much greived when they wanted nothing to do with him.

Booth and Herold crossed the Rappahannock by ferry and finally made it to the Garrett farm. The two Garrett men, who had recently been released from the Confederate Army, were not happy to see Booth, but they let him sleep in their barn that night. Booth now

fully realized that he had misjudged the Virginians, and that he was to find no friend like Thomas A. Jones in Virginia.

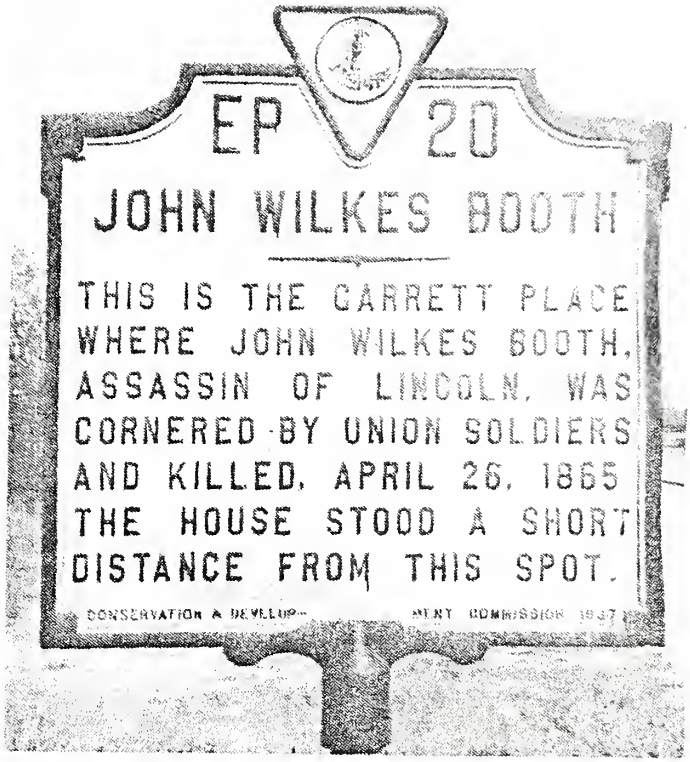
By some strange change of mind (probably the reward) Captain Jett, who had ferried the two across the Rappahannock, decided to turn them in, and on Wednesday morning soon after midnight he led the Union troops to the Garrett house where Booth and Herold were sleeping. After hours of trying to coax Booth out without success, they set fire to the barn.

The orders were to take Booth alive, but a sergeant named Boston Corbett claimed he shot Booth through a crack in the barn. Herold came out and surrendered. Booth was still alive when he was brought from the barn and carried to the Garrett house, where he was laid down on the front porch. It is said that he held up his hands and looked at them and exclaimed, "Useless! Useless!", probably referring to what those hands had done to the President — all for nothing but this ignoble end. He died on the porch of the Garrett house. Thus ended the most famous chase in American history.

When writing my book, I tried to find the Garrett house to take a picture to use in the book, but when I found a house which seemed to be in the right area and fit its description, the lady of the house asked me, "Who was John Wilkes Booth?"

I have now found the site where the house stood, as shown by the historical marker. It stood upon what is now a wide median strip of Route 301, about two miles south of the town of Port Royal, Va., the farthest point south Booth ever reached.

The only happy ending of this tragic story is what happened to Thomas A. Jones. Apparently this extraordinary little man did not give a thought to the crime Booth had committed. What he saw was a handsome young man who quickly made a good first impression; a man Jones liked from the start. He saw a fellow human being who was in great pain, and his only thought was to get him across the Potomac where he could receive medical aid.



HISTORICAL MARKER in Virginia marking the farthest south Booth ever reached.

Jones also thought little about his own personal danger, for he would certainly have been executed along with the others had he been caught. He was finally arrested and held in the Old Capital Prison for some time, but soon released because they could not make him talk.

Thomas A. Jones did not tell his story until some 20 years after the assassination, for obvious reasons. He was married and had 10 children and moved to Baltimore where he was at last successful in running a coal and feed business. As I remarked in my book, I would like to have such a friend as Thomas A. Jones.

Note:

Rich Hill is a very handsome old house, said to have been built about 1775. It is still in fair condition and is at present still occupied. In the interior there is a very unique feature which I have never seen in any other house. The vertical walls do not reach the ceiling to form a 90 degree angle as in other houses. At about a point of one foot before they reach the ceiling they begin a slow curve which extends out an equal distance on the ceiling. It gives a very handsome effect.

At the time I visited Rich Hill I met the owner, and he said that it is for sale. Interested persons could contact him by writing to Mr. Joseph F. Vallario, Attorney at Law, 6003 Barnabas Road, Oxon Hill, Md. 20021.